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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Foreign Affairs debate in the House on Tuesday threw no fresh light on the Government's policy. They are as loyal as ever to the League of Nations; they will honour the Locarno pledges; they are even hopeful, Mr. Eden said, of reaching a new Western agreement. But about the East they remain mum, though they know that there and not in the West lies the real danger. If the price of a Western pact is to be a free hand for German adventures in Russia or Czechoslovakia, it will be no guarantee of the general peace—it will not even assure peace for this island. As to colonies, Mr. Eden was emphatic that the Government were not considering the transfer of any territory under British control. That is very well as a short answer to Hitler's arrogant demands. But "patriotism" in such a simple form is "not enough." The transfer of all colonial possessions to an international regime may be not only a condition of appeasing the "have-nots," but vital to the general welfare. There will be no lasting peace in the world while the British lion (even if he is couchant), the French cock, and other Imperial creatures, remain in private and exclusive occupation of large tracts of Asia and Africa.

Italy Arms—For What?

Even Mr. Eden's modest hopes of amelioration in European relationships seem doomed to disappointment; The Fascist Grand Council at its session in Rome this week announced that "every possibility, however remote, of limitation of armaments is now definitely to be excluded." Italy's armed forces are to undergo a further "adequate increase"; all males from the age of 18 to 55 are to be "completely militarised"; and the maximum of self-sufficiency in the material requirements of war is to be attained even if it involves "the total sacrifice, if necessary, of civil to military needs." This is a policy of "guns instead of butter" with a vengeance, and has been acclaimed with gusto by the German press as the appropriate complement on lines of Fascist strategy to Hitler's Four Years Plan of totalitarian war-preparedness. Nothing was said by the Duce on the question of financial ways and means. Statistically, in respect to budget, central bank and import-export figures, Italy has completely "gone underground"; but her immense commitments in Abyssinia and Spain must already be straining her resources nearly to the limit. Does Mr. Eden expect that Italy, under pressure of monetary stringency, will shortly be compelled to sing a less martial song? It may be so; but the Grand Council's resolutions, coupled with the fortification of Pantellaria and the enlargement of naval bases in Sicily and Sardinia, form an odd commentary

on the Anglo-Italian gentleman's agreement in the Mediterranean.

Diplomacy with a Bludgeon

Herr von Ribbentrop also shakes his fist. If his speech at Leipzig the other day does not mean the termination of his career as German Ambassador in London, it certainly means the end of its usefulness. In tones strangely unlike those normally employed by diplomatists accredited to the Government of a friendly State, the German Ambassador declared that Germany was still subjected to an "all-round inequality, which cannot last for ever." The remedy must be sought either by returning to Germany her former colonial possessions or "by the German people's own strength." This scarcely veiled threat, euphemistically described by the *Times* as "not very tactful," is an intolerable abuse of diplomatic immunity on the part of an Ambassador supposedly charged, as such, with the task of fostering good relations between his country and that to which he is accredited. Herr von Ribbentrop's attempt to combine, in London and on his Continental visits, the dual roles of Ambassador and Nazi propagandist has worked badly. If Hitler's repeated expression of hopes of "reconciliation" in Europe is sincere, he will do well to recall a plenipotentiary whose tactlessness is calculated to destroy such chances as there are of Anglo-German understandings.

The Spanish War

There has been little change in the situation in Spain during the past week. The greatest activity has been at Oviedo, where Government troops have pushed well into the town, and in and around Madrid. The defenders are making valiant efforts to break the ring in which the rebels are trying to close the capital, and a large army is reported to have crossed the Tagus and attacked Toledo. The food shortage in Madrid is serious; bread rationing (10½ oz. daily per person) will come into force next Thursday. Meanwhile the Non-Intervention Committee in London is having some difficulty over its "supervision" arrangements. This supervision was to have become operative from March 6th; but it looks as if the date will be postponed for at least a week, and perhaps a fortnight. How effective it will eventually be is still a matter of doubt. And the doubt will not be diminished by the statement of Lord Halifax in the House of Lords on Wednesday that "the ships of the navies taking part in the supervision scheme would have no power of arrest or search. Their duties would be confined to establishing the identity of all ships proceeding to Spain in order to verify whether they had conformed to the obligations imposed on them (of taking supervisors on board) under the agreement."

The Bill for the Taxpayer

The Estimates so far published give some indication of the magnitude of the budget with which the Chancellor must deal for 1937–38. Excluding the self-balancing expenditure of the Post Office, the Civil Services and Revenue Departments are allocated £422 millions, which will be made up to probably £430 millions by Supplementaries anticipated for the Special Areas and other purposes. This figure compares with £393 millions for 1936–37. Of the increase, £22 millions is purely a book-keeping entry due to the fact that receipts and outgoings of the Road Fund are now merged in ordinary civil expenditure. Even so, there will be something like £15 millions more to find on civil account. Naval demands call for £105 millions, an increase of £24 millions on last year's provision, including Supplementaries. Out of the total, which is the largest sum ever asked for by the Admiralty in a year of peace, the surprisingly large proportion of £27 millions is to be met by borrowing. Army expenditure is put at £82 millions (of which £19 millions will be financed by loan) as compared with £56 millions, including Supplementaries, in 1936–37. If the Air Force Estimates, not yet available as we go to press, reveal a similar rate of expansion, the country is evidently going to be faced with a total expenditure of at least £250,000,000 for defence.

Indian Plebiscite

If one may judge by the daily press, the meaning of the Indian provincial elections has not yet begun to dawn on public opinion. They were, in effect, a plebiscite on the Constitution imposed by Westminster against the opinions, all in various degrees hostile, of every Indian political party. At these first Council elections the party whose condemnation of the Constitution was the most uncompromising has scored a remarkable victory, in spite of the fact that Sir Samuel Hoare's franchise and electoral arrangements were designed (as he avowed) to check the chances of the extremer parties. Here are the results. Congress has an absolute majority in six provinces—Bombay, United Provinces, Central Provinces, Bihar, Orissa, Madras. Congress has a relative majority in three provinces—Bengal, Assam, and the Frontier Province. Mohammedan Moderates lead in the Punjab and Sind. Congress, in short, controls the whole South and Centre, and is the leading influence in the North-East. The figures would certainly give it a majority for all India, and unless one is concerned over the finer shades of opinion, the votes of some smaller groups ought to be added to its poll. In other words, the majority of the Indian electorate has declared itself actively against this Constitution, while the minority is quietly, and with some reservations, against it.

M. Blum's Majority

M. Blum got his vote of confidence last week-end, with the practically solid support of the Radicals. The vote followed a full-dress attack by M. Flandin on the financial policy of the Government—an attack in the course of which M. Flandin, by his sharp opposition to working-class demands, incurred the anger of the Left and greatly simplified M. Blum's task in replying to him. Despite repeated rumours and strong desires among the Right-wing Radicals, there has never been any real chance of M. Blum throwing over the Communists and consenting to "broaden" his Ministry by including M. Flandin and the Right-Centre groups. M. Blum knows that his Socialist followers in the country would never stand for such a policy. The Radicals, for their part, are well aware that they cannot do without M. Blum, and that their party would fall to pieces if they allied themselves with the Right. Accordingly, the Front Populaire carries on, and internal recovery advances under the handicap that the financiers are still largely on strike—to the extent of refusing to repatriate the capital which they sent abroad

in anticipation of the fall of the franc. Their refusal to co-operate seriously hampers M. Blum, but cannot stop him so long as he proceeds courageously with his policy.

Steel and Monopoly

Only a few weeks ago the notion was being scouted that there was need for a revision of the British duties on imports of iron and steel. But now world activity in rearmament has reached such a point that the duties afford no protection to British firms which are already producing at full blast, and can only raise the prices of the products into which the imports enter. On this ground the Government, as the largest consumer, has sound business reasons for suspending altogether the duty on imported pig-iron, and for lowering the duties on a number of imported steel and iron products, mostly of a semi-manufactured type. Even now, the political influence of the iron and steel firms has been great enough to prevent any general remission of the duties, except on pig-iron, which the industry itself requires. For steel products the lower duties are applicable only to goods covered by quota certificates showing that they come within the quota arrangements of the international steel control. In other words, the British steel firms keep all the protection they want, but assure their supplies of imports which the retention of the duties might cause to be diverted to other markets. The industry is still allowed to keep up its monopolistic hostility to the entry of new firms into production. Jarrow still must not produce steel, however short the supply may be, because the monopolists would rather increase imports—which they can again restrict at need—than admit new home competitors to the market.

An American Labour Victory

American Trade Unionism has brought off, without a strike, a far more important coup than it managed a few weeks ago at the expense of General Motors. The United States Steel Corporation, the bitterest opponent of Labour Unionism in America and the foremost promoter of "company unions," has agreed to recognise the Steel Workers' Organising Committee for purposes of collective bargaining. At the same time, the five leading steel firms outside the Steel Corporation have announced the introduction of the forty-hour week, accompanied by a substantial increase in daily wages. These latter concessions are influenced by the terms of the Walsh-Healey Act, which imposes a sort of fair wages claim on Government contractors; but they mean a big victory for American Labour, as represented by Mr. John Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organisation. Now that the Steel Corporation has given way, despite the reiterated declaration of war to the knife against Labour Unionism, the victory of the C.I.O. would seem to be assured. Mr. Lewis's Committee, and not the craft-ridden American Federation of Labour, now becomes the champion of working-class claims and the company unions, once so strongly entrenched, seem likely to be beaten right out of the field.

Traffic Blocks and Car Parks

Overground traffic congestion in London is such that we should support every reasonable step taken by the Minister of Transport to eliminate obstructions and delays. Given adequate parking facilities near the chief business centres, there would be an overwhelming case for prohibiting motorists absolutely from leaving cars stationary (whether attended by a chauffeur or not) outside shops or offices in busy Central London streets. To extend the veto to cars waiting outside their owner's house, or to actual callers', including doctors', cars in quiet residential areas might be going too far. But Mr. Hore-Belisha apparently wants to diminish progressively the already scanty numbers of authorised parking places. Unless he proposes to debar owner-driver cars from access to Central London, this seems an oddly wrong-headed proposal. We may concede that rows of parked cars do not improve the amenities of squares and other open spaces now "authorised"; but, so long as central garage space is so limited and so expensive, what is the alternative? The need is for more, not fewer, parking facilities, so that the inconsiderate motorist may be left with no shred of excuse if he is caught causing obstruction. Why should not some part of our £1,500 million, defence programme be devoted to financing a series of bomb-proof underground parking places in Central London?

Oxford Goes Pink

Sir Arthur Salter not only won the University by-election, but got more votes than his two Conservative opponents together. Oxford University, represented by Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. A. P. Herbert, has been entirely reft from the Conservative caucas which has long regarded it as a "pocket borough." The result reflects the change in the electorate in recent years, with every new graduate now automatically enrolled on the register. The younger graduates are not, for the most part, the crusted Tories their elders used to be. They include many out-and-out Socialists from the University Labour Club, and a great many non-party "progressives" to whom such a candidate as Sir Arthur Salter would make a strong appeal. The women's vote is small in University as compared with other constituencies; but it seems to have been cast almost solidly for Sir Arthur Salter. It will be interesting to see whether the coming by-election in the Combined English Universities yields a similar result. Mr. T. E. Harvey, ex-Liberal M.P. and fellow-member with Sir Arthur Salter of the Next Five Years' Group, is there standing on a very similar programme.

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain the Spring Books Supplement and a specially selected list of 600 forthcoming books, with poems by Paul Claudel and Audrey Parr and Lord Derwent, an essay by E. M. Forster, and a story by H. E. Bates. Bertrand Russell will write on Freud and Marx, Cyril Connolly on Noel Coward, H. J. Laski on J. H. Thomas, Elizabeth Bowen on *The Shadow Across the Page*, Aylmer Vallance on *The Times*, Constant Lambert on Swing, Richard Hughes on Yachting, Leonard Woolf on Robespierre, K. John on the du Mauriers, and there will be other reviews by Flora Grierson, J. A. Hobson, D. Shawe-Taylor, Kenneth Bell, V. S. Pritchett and Herbert Palmer.

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REARMAMENT TO THE RESCUE

ONE reads through the new White Paper relating to the Special Areas with some feeling of sympathy for the officials who were given the task of drafting it. So plainly the White Paper and the proposals which it embodies would never have been produced at all except in response to popular clamour; and so plainly no one believes in them now that they are being produced. The Government, in fact, sees no reason for doing anything about the distressed areas, beyond what it is doing in ways which lie quite outside the path of the special legislation dealing with them. It does not want to legislate about them, believing that it can do all that is really necessary by alternative and easier means. But there has been a public clamour, and even a ghost of a murmur of revolt among Mr. Baldwin's own back-benchers. The Government has been compelled to promise a Bill conferring enlarged powers to grant financial aid; and promises of this sort, unlike promises to Abyssinia or to the League, have to be kept in the letter, if not in the spirit. So here is a Bill of sorts, or rather a White Paper heralding a Bill. And if, when it becomes law, it makes very little difference, the Government will be able to say "I told you so" to its own over-zealous supporters who have been crying for bolder action.

In effect, the White Paper begins by announcing the futility, or at least the unimportance, of the legislation which it goes on to propose. The opening pages, reviewing the measures already taken, or now being taken apart from the new Bill, on behalf of the depressed areas, bring out at any rate one fact with startling clarity. Everything else that has been done or projected by the Government for the restoration of employment in these areas is dwarfed by rearmament. In the Government's view, the real hope lies in the effects of intensive rearmament, which will cause more money to be distributed in the needy districts by way of profitable contracts than all the Special Commissioners one can think of would be able to put into circulation, even if they were given far more ample powers. In the Government's view, rearmament is well on the way towards solving the unemployment problem; and in face of the prospective growth of armament centres, it is really waste of time to be bothering one's head about anything besides.

Of course, nothing quite like this is said in the White Paper. But it is made plain enough that, while the Special Commissioners and the new advisory committees which are to be set up under the Bill are fussing around, planting a few hundred families on the land and getting a few small factories started on their Trading Estates, the Service Departments will be pushing on with the real job. While the new machinery is being used to dole out £2,000,000 in loans to factories, and a million or two more in miscellaneous grants and subsidies, the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry will be spending like *milors anglais*, raining largesse upon all the land. Have not these heavenly three a prospective £1,500,000,000 to spend during the next few years? And will not the Government reckon that it is doing things on the grand scale if it lets all the special agencies together spend even one per cent. of that amount?

Now, no one denies that, from the standpoint of creating immediate employment, armament-making is as good as anything else. It is as good as building houses—or digging holes in the ground and filling them up again. It makes work, and it causes wages to be paid out. The Government, by giving an effective preference in its armament orders to the areas in which unemployment is severe, can reduce the out-of-work percentage very greatly, and cause a marked revival of general economic activity through the restoration of local demand. If the Government is really prepared to place most of its orders for arms and to build most of its new factories in the depressed areas, then from the standpoint of the immediate expansion of employment the trick is won. Employment under these conditions must expand; the policy has only to be carried far enough for the direction of industrial transference to be revived, and for labour to begin flowing back into the areas out of which it has been moved with so much difficulty in recent years.

But the effect will be, in the first place, to substitute one highly precarious form of employment for another. The depressed areas have fallen into their existing plight because of their large degree of dependence on certain basic industries in which the demand for labour has declined. If their activity is now revived by concentration on armament-making, this renewed prosperity will last, at the best, only as long as intensive rearmament is maintained. Doubtless, if war comes, they will turn from depressed areas into the very busiest and most prosperous in the whole country. But suppose war does not come?

In default of the blessing of war, the prosperity based on rearmament will not last nearly so long as rearmament itself. A considerable number of the arms factories now a-building are "shadow" factories, which are meant not to produce a regular output, but only to be kept ready against the threat of war. When they have been built, they will need only skeleton staffs to maintain them. Employment will rise swiftly to a peak while they are being actually constructed, and will then precipitately decline. And even such arms factories as are designed to go into regular production will be dependent for their continuance on the war tension in Europe, and on the failure to bring the present insane arms race to a negotiated end.

No doubt, from the Conservative point of view, it is very comforting to be able to kill two birds with one stone—to give the depressed areas more employment, and therewith to give them also a vested interest in armaments like that of the Dockyard towns. If it goes far enough, one can imagine some War Office pundit calculating, it may even turn the Welsh into English patriots. And assuredly more employment, from whatever source it comes, will take the sting out of the campaign for action on behalf of the depressed areas, and before long make it unnecessary even to pretend to be taking any special measures on their behalf.

This being the approach, it is no wonder if the legislative measures proposed are derisory. There are to be more Trading Estates—which are all very well as far as they go. There are to be powers to aid new enterprises in the Special Areas with subsidies towards rates, rents and income tax; and this is to apply in future to ordinary profit-making concerns which are

prepared to settle in the Special Areas. Outside these areas, to which the operations of the Act have hitherto been confined, there is to be a new category of " Certified Areas "—certified by the Ministry of Labour through an advisory committee as suffering from high and persistent unemployment; and enterprises in Certified as well as in Special Areas are to be eligible for State assistance by way of loan up to a total of £2,000,000. Furthermore, some help is to be given in the Special Areas to street maintenance and field drainage; but the sums allotted to these subsidiary projects are very small.

These things barely amount to a row of beans. Not only the allocation of armament contracts, but also the proposed readjustment of the formula governing State grants in aid of local rates, is of immensely greater importance to the Special Areas, and will bring far more immediate help. There is no need to object to the measures which the Government is proposing to take in the new Bill. They will do a little good on balance. But in relation both to the problem and to the steps which are being taken quite apart from the Bill, they are nugatory.

Yet, it will be asked, what more can the Government be expected to do? The answer is threefold. In the first place, no likely revival of employment in the depressed areas will now retrieve the older workers from the declining industries, who will remain unable to adapt themselves to new jobs demanding a hot pace of work and a degree of machine dexterity beyond their reach. These older workers need now, not employment, but decent retiring pensions; and no scheme for the depressed areas can be regarded as adequate unless it meets this claim. Secondly, the Government's measures leave wholly untouched the fundamental problem of reorganisation in the basic industries on which the economic life of these areas chiefly depends. True, reorganisation will not cure unemployment, and may even temporarily increase it in certain places; but the depressed areas will never be able to resume a healthy growth until this question has been tackled, and such industries as coal and cotton have been put on sound economic lines. Thirdly, if armament-making is to be developed in the depressed areas, commonsense demands a parallel development of less precarious forms of employment on a scale far larger than the Government proposes.

Unhappily, a Government which is temporarily able to throw sugar-plums at the depressed areas in the form of orders for armaments is very well placed for evading the responsibilities of the future. We have assumed, from the tone of the White Paper, that it is now the Government's intention to concentrate re-armament activity largely upon areas in which unemployment is exceptionally high. If we are wrong in this, and the objections of the arms firms to being told where they are to put their factories are allowed to prevail, then the depressed areas will not get even the short-run benefits which we have anticipated. In either event, the White Paper offers to these areas no prospect at all of sound or durable economic revival. To offer that would involve a control over the location of industry and the investment of capital which the present Cabinet would certainly regard as sacrilege. Re-armament is to be the *deus ex machina* which will enable them to help the depressed areas without outrage to their capitalist consciences.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND U.S. GOVERNMENT REFORM

THE dramatic challenge which President Roosevelt has thrown down to the Federal judiciary has attracted considerable attention in this country. The extremely important parallel movement which he has inaugurated for the reform of the executive branch of the Federal Government has so far almost escaped notice on this side of the Atlantic, although the problems with which it deals are far more closely related to our own than are those concerning the judicial review of legislation.

More than a year ago Mr. Roosevelt decided that the reform of the executive ought to be one of the principal questions that Congress should be asked to deal with in the present session. He accordingly appointed a small Committee on Administrative Management consisting of Mr. Louis Brownlow, Professor Charles Merriam and Professor Luther Gulick.

The Committee has recently issued its report,* which the President declares to be " a great document of permanent importance." Mr. Roosevelt has now transmitted the report to Congress with a long message commending its conclusions and inviting the co-operation of the legislature in carrying out its recommendations.

Both the President and his Committee emphasise again and again the imperative necessity for efficient government if democracy is to survive and flourish. One of the great merits of the report is, indeed, that the authors never lose sight of the fact that they are concerned with administrative management *in a democracy*. Hence the fundamental questions of political responsibility are never far from the Committee's thoughts. " Facing one of the most troubled periods in all the troubled history of mankind," they say at the outset, " we wish to set our affairs in the very best possible order to make the best use of all of our national resources and to make good our democratic claims. If America fails, the hopes and dreams of democracy over all the world go down." Yet there is an insistent note of optimism throughout the report which makes the reader feel that democracy in the United States is on the upgrade rather than declining.

The functions of the central executive have enormously expanded during recent decades in the U.S.A., as in every other country, yet with the exception of the Budget and Accounting Act of 1921, which set up the Bureau of the Budget, there has been no attempt to reform the organisation since before the war. Growth has been piecemeal and based on no coherent principle. Commissions, boards, Government corporations and other authorities have grown up outside the regular Federal departments represented in the Presidential Cabinet, until more than 100 separate executive agencies have come into existence. The President is theoretically responsible under the constitution for the whole executive branch of government; but he is in reality ceasing to be *the* executive and becoming one among several executives. Such extraneous bodies as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Federal Trade Commission, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation, and the Federal Radio Commission, possess both in practice and in law a large degree of independence. They constitute, indeed, a " fourth branch " of government, evading control both by the President and by Congress. The Commissions enjoy power without responsibility, and leave the President with responsibility but without power.

The Committee proposes that the Cabinet departments shall be increased in number from ten to twelve by the creation of a department for Social Welfare and a department of Public Works, while the department of the Interior would extend its scope by becoming a department of Conservation. The

* *Report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management.* U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington.

President would assign to these twelve great offices all the administrative agencies which at present operate *in vacuo*.

The office of President is at present an impossible one for any man to discharge adequately. The President is not only the ceremonial head of the nation, a political party leader, the guide, philosopher and friend—or enemy—of Congress, the commander in chief of the Army and the Navy, but also and above all, the executive head. Mr. Roosevelt admits that he is overworked, overwhelmed, and distracted by minor details; and this has been true of his predecessors. He seeks to obtain through these reforms the means of effective over-all control while securing relief from irrelevant detail.

First, he is to be given, as part of the White House staff, about half a dozen executive assistants of high quality to help him in his dealings with the great departments. These aides would be purely advisory; in no sense would they be assistant presidents. They would be men of "high competence, great physical vigour, and a passion for anonymity." I feel that the Committee underrates or overlooks the power which such assistants would tend to gather into their hands. Their relation as a group with the Cabinet is not even explored. But whatever objections may exist to the proposal it is difficult to see an alternative solution in the conditions of American government.

Second, the President is to have direct control and immediate responsibility for personnel, fiscal policy, and planning. These managerial functions, which affect the conduct of executive government as a whole, are respectively entrusted to the Civil Service Commission, the Bureau of the Budget and the National Resources Board, which would all report to him direct.

The personnel problem is of vital importance in the United States, where for many years strenuous efforts have been made to establish a career service for officials and to substitute adequate pay and conditions for the patronage, low prestige, and penurious terms which now prevail over a wide area. Cabinet Ministers in Washington receive only $15,000 a year, Under-Secretaries $10,000, Assistant Secretaries $8,000 to $9,000, which is substantially lower than the modest scales obtaining in England. In the subordinate grades, especially among those receiving less than $2,000 a year, the remuneration is still more out of keeping with the standards prevailing in American life generally. The Committee proposes to raise the general level of salaries; and to extend the merit principle upward (so as to include all but the highest executive positions), outward (so as to make it apply to all the outlying boards and commissions) and downward (so as to include skilled workmen and labourers employed in the regular Government service). This is a self-denying ordinance, since the enormous patronage within the President's gift is a powerful political weapon for influencing Congressmen and rewarding his supporters.

The existing Civil Service Commission is to be replaced by a single Civil Service Administrator acting with an unpaid board of seven members appointed by the President. The Committee consider that the full-time board system is inevitably slow, cumbersome, wasteful and ineffective in the conduct of executive functions. Again and again they emphasise their preference for a single head official acting as "the centre of energy, direction and administrative management." They regard this, indeed, as a canon of efficiency. I am by no means sure that English experience would support it. The Post Office, for example, has been far more successful since a functional board replaced the permanent secretary.

The Bureau of the Budget is at present situated within the Treasury, but the Director of it is appointed by the President, reports directly to him, and is charged with assisting him in the preparation of the Budget for submission to Congress. The Bureau is, however, understaffed, starved of funds, and preoccupied with routine work. The Committee seeks to make the Bureau of the Budget an effective instrument of Presidential control in the sphere of fiscal policy; but they do not explain the relation the Director of the Bureau should bear to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is, after all, the Minister in charge of Finance. This division of control or of influence in the sphere of finance is curiously inconsistent with the Committee's reiterated demand for concentration of responsibility.

In addition to budget-making the Committee desire to see the Bureau of the Budget discharge several other functions of a research character, not at present performed by any governmental agency. These would include an investigation of the problems of organisation, finance, co-ordination, procedure, and methods of work. Such constructive research would pay for itself over and over again; but it does not form part of the recognised work of any Government.

The third of the essential instruments which is to enable the President to exert over-all control is an adequate planning agency. There are at present in the United States 47 State planning boards, 1,100 city planning boards dealing with local problems, 400 county planning boards and a number of regional bodies. But for the country as a whole, there is only a temporary committee set up by executive order a year or two ago. It is proposed to establish a National Resources Board to act as a central planning agency. The Board would consist of five unpaid members appointed by the President for indefinite terms of office with an executive director in charge of an expert staff. The existing temporary Committee has already made valuable studies in the best use of land, water and minerals; on population trends, industrial relations and similar subjects. A permanent board would have unlimited opportunities for socially useful work of this kind.

Certain general considerations are suggested by this remarkable report and the President's acceptance of its principles. First, it is clear that the permanent aspects of the Rooseveltian regime now outweigh the temporary or emergency relief side of the programme. Second, a new phase in American life has started, in which the Federal Government will be far more powerful than it has ever been before. Hitherto, the mass of the people have wanted a weak Government at Washington, or have at any rate been indifferent to its inherent weakness. But now a vast majority of Americans want a strong Federal executive, because they need the protection against economic insecurity and disaster which only that can give. Third, Mr. Roosevelt's reforms in the machinery of government are among the outstanding achievements of our time and will mark him out as a statesman long after the rest of his programme is forgotten. Fourth, this report should serve to remind us that our own governmental organisation is in need of overhaul. We, too, have a mass of boards, commissions and other agencies which have the bit in their teeth and are virtually independent both of Parliament and the Cabinet. Above all, we have no central planning agency, and no organ responsible for the best use of our national resources. Last, and most important, Mr. Roosevelt has brought into American public life to-day an atmosphere of creative endeavour which is the most stimulating and hopeful feature of the New Deal. By comparison, we in Britain seem to be marking time without even trying to improve our national welfare, except insofar as improvement may be incidental to the one ominous aim of promoting military defence. We, too, need a New Deal. All we are likely to get in the near future is a Cabinet shuffle.

WILLIAM A. ROBSON

A LONDON DIARY

AFTER recent Communist criticism in the *Daily Worker* I expect soon to be greeted everywhere with "Young man, why aren't you in Madrid?" Actually it is quite difficult to go to Madrid if a Communist bureau for the investigation of foreigners confiscates your passport for five days while it tries to prove to you you are a spy ("what is the meaning of your visit to Lisbon in 1933, etc."), no matter how friendly the war department, propaganda and transport authorities may be. One begins to realise what it must feel like to be a Trotskyite. They seem a fairly articulate body and are having

a certain success at the moment in France. There is Gide's book, with its criticism of his visit to Russia, Céline's extraordinary outburst (*Mea Culpa*) and the "From Lenin to Stalin" number of the *Crapouillot*. This is written by Victor Serge, a revolutionary and "old Bolshevik," a friend of Trotsky and Lenin, and is a mine of information which explodes into denunciation from the "left deviationist" standpoint.

* * *

If Gide is disappointed as an individualist and an artist, and Serge as a revolutionary, Céline is on the whole grateful to Soviet Russia for proving to him that the essential baboonery and yahooism of human nature has nothing to do with the subservience of one class to another. Having decided that "Prolo," as he calls him, is just as awful free as everywhere in chains, he heaves a sigh of relief. Most intellectual criticism of Russia, in fact, springs from a disappointment in human nature. Destroy him how you like, the bourgeois always bounces up—execute him, expropriate him, starve him out *en masse* and he reappears in your children. Can people in fact be changed by abolishing capitalism and private property? To take part in a revolution is a mystical experience, but what about afterwards, when there's always another twenty years? A book that sells very well in Barcelona is called *The Life and Death of Psycho-Analysis*, which finally explains away a science that "degrades the natural nobility of man." A book like Dr. Edward Glover's *War, Sadism and Pacifism* should obviously be banned in all political countries, for by tracing the origin of all war to the cradle it destroys the principles of patriotism and Marxism alike—as long as money symbolises excrement, and power potency, the capitalist and the elder statesman will be always with us, and can only be got rid of by compulsory psycho-analysis of the whole human race.

* * *

My irritation with Marxism has been increased by reading Philip Henderson's *The Novel To-day*, which is a book of criticism from a sternly Communist point of view. As destructive criticism it is extremely effective—though nothing like as destructive as Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle*, which is the only Left-wing critical book to accept aesthetic as well as economic standards. Yet the attacks on Wells, Galsworthy, Joyce, Proust, the primitivism of Lawrence, are admirably done. All these writers are united in their desire to escape from the logic of Marxism—but has anyone ever really proved that this makes them worse writers? A brilliant analysis proves that *The Plumed Serpent*, for instance, is a Fascist book; but is it a bad book, and, if so, is Fascism the cause of its badness? And when we come to the good books!

> Certainly there is no parallel in England to such an impressive body of work as is associated with the names of such writers as Dos Passos, Waldo Frank, Grace Lumpkin, Josephine Herbst, Myra Page, Malcolm Cowley, Michael Gold, Robert Cantwell and Edwin Seaver. This is a literary movement, both broad and deep . . .

A chapter on the Renaissance of Asia, out of thirty pages devotes twenty to André Malraux, who I think is one of the greatest living novelists, but whom Asia can hardly take the credit for, and six to Mulk Raj Anand, whose *Coolie* is is not very readable. And who are the good English novelists who have avoided all the Tory traps and Liberal bolt-holes? Their names are Alec Brown and Lewis Grassic Gibbon. Alec Brown for his *Daughters of Albion* gets four pages (Christopher Isherwood gets three lines) and Gibbon walks away with sixteen, the longest passage awarded to any English, American, German, or Russian author in the book, for a trilogy which includes such typical prose passages as the following:

> Two Chrises there were that fought for her heart and tormented her. You hated the land and the coarse speak of the folk and learning was brave and fine one day; and the next you'd awaken with the peewits crying across the hills deep and deep, crying in the heart of you and the smell of the earth in your face almost you'd cry for that. The beauty of it and the sweetness of the Scottish land and skies.

If this is what the miserable non-proletarian writers miss, good luck to them. And I think the chapter praising Gide will have to be re-written. And yet, as I said, up to a point the book could not be more penetrating.

* * *

And now to pleasanter themes. I spent Sunday afternoon in the non-political waters of the Droitwich brine baths and Sunday evening reading the non-political poems of Louis MacNeice. So physical and mental pleasure is still permissible without a party ticket. If only the brine baths could be moved nearer London! One leaves an outside world of snow and slush and midland villas to enter what appears an ordinary up-to-date swimming pool. But once inside it the water is blood-heat, the salt tingles deliciously. The buoyancy is like something in a dream; the winter recedes briskly while chains of boys and girls flap across the surface of the pool with lazy hand-paddlings like waterboatmen. The salt clings in white knobs to the sides of the bath. It is almost impossible to turn over or stand up; one is reminded of those Victorian materialistic explanations of the disciples walking on the water. And when a hot towel is wrapped round one, after this hour of ancient Roman fun and exercise, one is dry and encrusted with flaking salt before it is taken off—as dry and salt as Lot's wife, as dry and salt and tingling as a poem by Louis MacNeice.

* * *

I hear from America that the King's abdication has resulted in a general discontent with England, increased by the efforts of our upper class to repay hospitality by selling the Coronation to them. Apparently European favourite No. 1 is now M. Blum, and his exhibition, charmingly arranged along the leafiest part of the Seine, is going to be the great draw this summer. I wonder how many people who read this dread the Coronation as much as I do, and feel it to be a great impending black-out of everything pleasant, an orgy of "solemn moments," scaffolding and traffic disorganisation. I feel, too, that the king-making operation, though performed under an anaesthetic, is more serious than people suppose. How many of us can still nurse sentimental or romantic feelings about the Royal Family, to the exclusion of republican logic. If *God Save the King* were dropped from the cinemas, as a courtesy to foreigners (who do not have to listen to *The Star-spangled Banner* or the *Marseillaise*), would it be so unwelcome? When one's head is full of Ginger Rogers and one's hands of overcoat, is that really the moment to contemplate the predicament of the sovereign or to request divine intercession to solve it?

* * *

A friend of mine, who is a grateful patient of Sir Herbert Barker—Sir Herbert induced his non-operative limb to operate after members of the profession had asserted (*a*) that it would get well by itself, and (*b*), when it did not, that it would never get well—sends me a note of his career. He writes: "It is sufficiently remarkable. For forty years Barker was cold-shouldered by the medical profession. During the whole of this time he was producing spectacular results. As his fame grew, neglect became persecution. Sir Herbert was abused, denounced, cut in the street. . . . His anaesthetist, Dr. Axham, was struck off the medical roll. During the war Barker's results were such—he dealt with literally thousands of sprained and shattered limbs—that even the doctors could not "keep it up." A few of the most eminent, willing handsomely to recognise what they could no longer ignore, sponsored a petition for the recognition of his services, and in 1922 Sir Herbert was knighted. To-day the value of his work is recognised; he lectures and demonstrates to orthopaedists at St. Thomas's; he attends Royalty; he is the subject of leaders in the *Times*. So far, so good. But Sir Herbert is nearly seventy, and he is naturally anxious that some provision should be made for the continuance of his work. Although the value of manipulative surgery is now admitted, and manipulation is practised by the profession, there exists no recognised school of training, and there is no

official body which is in a position to prescribe examinations, to 'vet' credentials, and to give authorisations to practise. Clearly what is wanted is the establishment of a department of manipulative surgery at one of the hospitals, or even a special college where Sir Herbert could demonstrate his methods and train his successors. The granting of an Honorary Degree would be an act of grace. But that such a career should be rounded off with quite such an artistic completeness is, I suppose, in this world too much to expect."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. S. P. Curtis.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Coronation colours have invaded the housemaid's pantry. In the turnery department I saw tiny dusting brushes with bristles coloured red, white and blue, and handles enamelled in shades to tone. Other small brushes have red, white and blue handles.—*Sunday Times.*

Would it not be better for every village and vulnerable spot to have its anti-aircraft gun, manned by local sportsmen and other volunteers, unencumbered with uniform, but wearing the A.R.P. badge?—Letter in *Times.*

Germany certainly does not want to attack England, and if ever she did it would only be through the stupid, arrogant, interfering folly of British politicians. If Germany were forced into an attack she would try to teach a salutary lesson swiftly and heavily, but in such a way as not to arouse too keenly British national spirit. She would broadcast her reasons for attack, and her conditions for peace. As her demands would be few and simple—non-interference, some territory outside Great Britain, and a few strategic places for temporary occupation—our General Public would probably see to it that her conditions were accepted.—*Aeroplane.*

Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale, who will be retiring from his post as Deputy Director General of the B.B.C. towards the year's end, joined the B.B.C. in July, 1923, immediately after leaving the Navy. No candidate for any one of the more important posts was appointed without first of all being examined by Sir Charles, who always attached great importance to the answer made to the question: "What games do you play?"—*Evening Standard.*

If you find that your own dog doesn't take to your boy and greet him with affection, you can make up your mind on the spot that there's a yellow streak in that young man's make-up somewhere.—Godfrey Winn in *Woman's Own.*

A second Socialist victory in London would inevitably have an unsettling effect on foreign observers.—Article by Sir Ronald Storrs on L.C.C. Polls, in *Sunday Times.*

In wild mountainous country on the border of Queensland and New South Wales a farmer to-day found two men dying of hunger and thirst. . . . Nearby were four bodies and the burned-out wreckage of an air liner. . . . They soon revived, and the first questions they asked were: "What's the score in the Test Match? How many did Bradman get?"—*Daily Herald.*

DOCTORS: NEW AND OLD

How does medicine as practised to-day compare with or differ from the applied medicine of forty years ago? In what essential ways does the outlook of the average young doctor of 1937 differ from that of the average young doctor of 1900? Is the science of medicine stagnating or is it tense with new life and energy?

Medical science and medical practice are not the same thing. There is between them what is called a time lag; so that real progress may take place in the one without any coincident apparent change taking place in the other. Rare indeed is the faculty for applying newly acquired knowledge to the solution of old and familiar problems. Moreover, intangible things figure so largely in the therapy of the successful physician that he is inclined to be almost indifferent to spectacular advances in the physical sciences even when they have obvious relevance to human physiology. It was Samuel Butler who, half a century ago, said, "A physician's physiology has much the same relation to his power of healing as a cleric's divinity has to his power of influencing conduct." A century earlier, Colton, another cynical realist, wrote: "No men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it can perform; they have been tinkering the human constitution four thousand years, in order to cure about as many disorders. It is true that each disorder has a thousand prescriptions, but not a single remedy."

It was, however, not a hundred and fifty years ago, but at the very end of last year, that one of our most distinguished physicians told his medical audience that "in most cases of illness, the doctor is really a mental poultice; he is a source of comfort, confidence and consolation to the patient and his friends; but if he is honest with himself he will admit that the number of patients who would have died but for his attendance is lamentably small."

I suspect that many of us, medical and lay, are helped in our disbelief as to the reality of medical progress by reason of the conventional classification of the forms of ill-health to which names of convenience have been given. Forms of ill-health have, in fact, been contemplated much as forms of sin have been contemplated. In spite of all our philosophisings, most people, including doctors and theologians, still look upon "diseases" and "sins" as true entities—essentially as separate devils to be exorcised or yielded to. There is enough truth in this "species classification" to explain the persistence of its hold, and the tangible fruits it occasionally bears. We should not be unduly depressed, however—remembering the conventional nature of our classification—when we are reminded of the very small number of named diseases for which we have discovered anything that could possibly be called cures; diseases over which we can honestly claim to have established mastery.

A week or two ago I asked a medical friend of mine by what standard one could measure medical progress. He said that, in his opinion, a reasonable standard is afforded by the extent to which empiricism is replaced by inductive science as the basis of practice. Nearly all present-day medical practice—successful and unsuccessful, effective and ineffective—is based on empiricism. Such is the conventional professional treatment of pneumonia, of influenza, and of nine-tenths of all the other diseases that have names to them. Nearly all medical practice is, in fact, still as empiric as is the advice given by any old village nurse.

Is, then, the new doctor no advance on the doctor of the last or of the penultimate generation? Can he and does he do no more for a sick patient? Well, the physiologists and the research scientists have, during the early part of this century and the years immediately preceding it, given us a lot of very handsome presents. They have discovered and brought to our notice many vitally important things of which previously we had not the slightest knowledge. The microscope did not reveal their existence; nor did the test-tubes and chemical balances, which seemed to account for all the physical elements that matter, give any hint of them.

Fifty years ago hardly a doctor in the world imagined that the inadequate functioning of small glands situated at the side of the windpipe is the cause of that physical and psychic deformity which we call cretinism. Few doctors had any notion that strange over-growths and under-developments of bone and of parental potency are influenced by the efficiency of a tiny gland, the size of a lentil, situated in the base of the skull. This story could be lengthened almost indefinitely by talking about the small adrenal glands above the kidneys, which play so big a part in the quickening of our pulse and in the strengthening of our heart-beat and of our muscular power when we are excited by fear or anger; and by speaking

of those recently discovered specialised cells adjacent to the pancreas which yield the almost mystic product, insulin.

As a result of these and other no less significant physiological discoveries the basic theories of medicine have suffered a fundamental change. And not the least interesting or the least significant feature attendant on this change of basis is the slow response of everyday medical practice. Yet the mental attitude of the intelligent young doctor of to-day is very different from that of his predecessors before the war. It is but a comparatively few years ago that we began to acquire any real information about the minute anatomy and physiology of man. The discovery that our bodies are made up of millions of living units, each with an elaborate internal structure and internal mechanism, yet all in some way so co-ordinated and harmonised as to give rise to the impression—real or illusory—that we ourselves are individual entities, could but revolutionise the attitude of every intelligent and reflective physician to his special problems. This discovery had, of course, been preceded by the even greater one of Harvey; but it took time to trace an intimate interrelation of these two additions to our knowledge. It is almost within the lifetime of doctors still in actual practice that the real significance of these discoveries has been made clear, and their relevance to everyday practice recognised. Our knowledge of the endocrine glands, of the hormones, of the vitamins, is all new since I was a student; yet already it is impossible to take seriously a therapeutic system or a therapeutic technique which takes no account of the elaborate chemical control and communication system that plays so essential a part in the harmonising of our cellular and structural activities.

It has lately been remarked that the orthodox medical view is once more becoming Hippocratic. This is true enough, but it should not be taken as implying that medicine has merely returned to its starting-point, and that all the investigations, experiments, experience and speculation of the last two thousand years leave us in this matter where we were when Athens was the cultural centre of the world. Medicine, like man himself, progresses spirally. Measured only by the compass points, its position at any given stage appears identical with its position centuries earlier, but the compass is a helpful tool and a true informant only when we are dealing with surfaces. It tells us nothing of depth or of height.

In many ways the most interesting thing observable in the present-day trend of medical opinion is the increasing recognition of the important part played by general, as opposed to specific, causes of disease. Germ-hunting is not the medical sport of the moment. Enthusiasts are far more interested in, and are giving far more attention to, nutritional and other environmental conditions of healthy life. The B.M.A. Nutrition Report of a year or so ago indicated a profound change of attitude, almost revolutionary in its potentiality. The doctor's job tends to make him somewhat contemptuous of generalisations. Therefore, few practising physicians are found in the ranks of political extremists. But, to-day, realistic evidence—some furnished by laboratory research, some by direct observation of the men, women and children with whom the individual doctor is brought into contact—is driving more and more intelligent members of the profession to the socio-political Left. Almost any week one can find in the respectable pages of the *Lancet* or the *B.M.J.* statements of fact and sober expressions of opinion far more root-disturbing than anything more tendentiously expressed in the *Daily Worker*.

It is not to curative medicine but to social hygiene and general economic advance that we mainly owe the fall in our national death-rate from eighteen per thousand at the beginning of the century to under twelve per thousand in 1934, and the fall in our infantile death-rate to little more than one-third of the figure at which it stood fifty years ago. It is towards the raising of the general level of health—psychic as well as physical—rather than towards the securing of some slight extension of the length of individual life, that medical and hygienic enthusiasm is now being gradually diverted. Recent physiological discoveries afford much scientific ground on which to build. "Medicine," rightly understood, however, is not such a narrow, esoteric, lama-like business as it has often claimed to be; and the professional "doctor" represents only one branch of its service.

HARRY ROBERTS

THE NEW BYRONISM

Members of the Byron Society were received by Mussolini this morning. *Times*, February 26th.

Ras Desta has been captured and shot in Ethiopia. *Times*, February 26.

THOUGH "realists" in homage to "reality,"
(Which means our diplomats and City wizards)
Daily exchange uneasy hospitality
With known mass-murderers, for fear of blizzards,
Kow-towing to oppression and brutality
Is still alleged to stick in British gizzards,
And has been held impossible to swallow
By votaries of the Muses and Apollo.

So when on journeys of poetic piety
Our Byronists bestow their adulation
On one who with a certain notoriety
Announces Liberty's annihilation,
They manifest a rooted contrariety
Toward their own poet's flagrant affirmation,
Signed with his death. (This genius erratic,
Was in the cause of Freedom a fanatic.)

He, to so-far-immortal fury stirred
By moderate political depravity
Would now belabour England's listless herd
And rulers of unparalleled concavity;
But gestures made by sycophants absurd
Would merely shatter his precarious gravity
As nincompoops by his renown protected,
But unacquainted with his Works (collected).

He who addressed Napoleon with derision,
Who Caesars scorned, of Rome's imperial age,
Our time regarding with unblinded vision,
Of merciless and bloody brigandage,
From Italy would fly as from a prison
And to another grave make pilgrimage,
Held to the last with more than Roman pride,
Where, like a dog shot down, Ras Desta died.

SAGITTARIUS

THE SOLDIER AND CIVIL DISTURBANCE

THE recent re-issue to magistrates after a considerable interval of the Report of the Interdepartmental Committee on Riots of 1894 raises some interesting questions with regard to the use of military at the time of civil unrest.

Originally it appears to have been the theory of English law that soldiers could only be used in civil disturbances at the express order of the Crown. The troubles which followed the Hanoverian succession led to a modification of this rule and the evolution of a legal doctrine which allowed soldiers to be called out at any time on the request of a magistrate. A soldier, it was held, is, for the purpose of establishing civil order, only a citizen armed in a particular manner and, since by the law of England everybody is bound to aid in the suppression of riots, a magistrate may call to his assistance both soldiers and civilians. During the period of the industrial revolution and the Chartist movement, troops were on many occasions summoned by magistrates to deal with industrial and political demonstrations, but with the organisation of modern police forces the need for using soldiers for police

purposes decreased, and the chief officers of the various local forces who took over a great part of the magistrates' executive duties in the preservation of order, relied more and more on their own forces. In theory, however, the magistrates still retained the power of requisitioning troops, and during the strikes of the eighteen-nineties certain coal-mine and quarry owners who also happened to be Justices of the Peace made use of their position as magistrates to secure soldiers to guard their property and to control the strikers.

The first object of the Interdepartmental Committee of 1894 was to put a stop to this practice by recommending that, except in gravest emergency, all requisitions for troops should pass through the chief officers of the police. In practice, therefore, the magistrates are no longer able to summon military aid of their own accord. But it is still necessary for a magistrate to accompany the troops and to share with the commanding officer the responsibility for any action taken by the military. The greater part of the Interdepartmental Committee's report is taken up with enumerating and defining the magistrate's duties in these circumstances. If the disturbance amounts to a riot the magistrate must read the proclamation under the Riot Act and then if after an hour the crowd has not dispersed he may order the officer in command "to take action." The responsibility for the type of action taken then rests solely on the officer. However, even if an hour has not elapsed or the proclamation has not even been read the magistrate may, if he thinks there is grave danger to property or persons, order the military to act. In fact, despite the effort of the Interdepartmental Committee to define them more closely, the magistrate's duties still remain vague and leave to an official who has little or no experience of police methods a responsibility involving very often life or death.

For this reason alone it is unfortunate that, as it appears, the attention of magistrates has not been drawn more forcibly to the grave disadvantages of employing military force in civil disturbances.

In their report on the Featherstone Riots the Commissioners remarked that a soldier can only act by using his arms, and that this may result in injury to distant and innocent persons.

The Day Commission on the Belfast riots of 1886 puts the point much more strongly:

> It has been made abundantly clear by facts that for the primary and all-important duty of preserving order, the rifle is worse than useless, and its efficiency as a weapon for the restoration of order is very questionable. . . . Its use ought . . . to be absolutely prohibited for police purposes in towns.

In giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1908, Lord Haldane, then Secretary of State for War, strongly endorsed this view and added a further objection:

> "The soldier," he said, "is a person who is different from the ordinary civilian in this, that he is armed with a deadly weapon and moreover comes out in a military formation. . . . His very menacing appearance may lead to the very thing which it is his purpose to prevent—disturbance."

Further, the persons who suffer when troops fire on a crowd are as often as not innocent. In the forty years previous to the 1908 inquiry troops had fired twice in civil disturbances in England, and four people had been killed, three of whom were innocent passers-by. At the Featherstone riots one of those seriously injured was a Sunday School teacher at a neighbouring colliery, a quarter of a mile away.

Secondly, and even more serious, so ill-defined is the law that the military officer and the magistrate who will be criminally responsible if they do not suppress the riot and yet liable to prosecution if they take action when there is no need, have nothing to guide them, and in consequence are, as experience has shown, most liable to make mistakes. The standard laid down in the Featherstone Riots report is so vague that even the staid *Solicitors' Journal* commented by italicising the material passage, thus:

> The question whether, on any occasion, the moment has come for firing upon a mob of rioters depends, as we have said, *on the necessities of the case*. . . . When the need is clear, the soldier's duty is to fire *with all reasonable caution*, so as to produce *no further injury than what is absolutely wanted* for the purpose of protecting persons and property. . . . The order of the magistrate has at law no legal effect. Its presence does not justify the firing if the magistrate is wrong. Its absence does not excuse the officer for declining to fire when the necessity exists.

BARRISTER

THE LIARS

ON the appeal of his sister, Joseph Rappaport, condemned to death for murder, was during the week in Chicago given a last chance of saving his life by submitting to a test with the instrument known as the lie-detector. After answering a number of apparently irrelevant questions he was suddenly asked whether he had committed the murder. He said "No," and the machine registered a lie. Rappaport was executed a few hours later.

I know almost nothing of the instrument except its name, but I cannot help wondering how it contrives to distinguish between the agitation of a prisoner who is telling the truth and the agitation of a prisoner who is telling a lie. The prisoner who knows that the evidence against him looks terribly convincing will surely suffer from an increase of blood-pressure under examination no less than the prisoner who is conscious of his guilt. To know that they are under suspicion is enough to produce the symptoms of guilt in many quite honest people. If the lie-detector is an absolutely infallible instrument, it seems to me that criminal courts are no longer necessary. All that will be needed in future will be to arrest suspected persons, attach them to the lie-detector, and observe the rise and fall of their blood-pressure under examination. The murderer will be spared the long-drawn-out agony of two trials and will know his fate on the same day on which he is arrested. Alibis will disappear from the defence of thieves: soft-headed juries can be convinced that you were in Liverpool or Manchester when you were really in London, but the lie-detector cannot. Divorce cases, again, ought in future to occupy only a few minutes. All the lies that husbands, wives, lovers and servants tell will become so useless that nobody will trouble to tell them, and cases of collusion will be seen through in five minutes. In my opinion, if the lawyers were wise, they would organise a subscription to buy the patent of this alarming invention and prevent its manufacture. If the lie-detector triumphs, the lawyer's occupation will be gone.

At the same time, I confess, I should like to see further experiments carried out with it—say, in Russia. If the instrument is infallible, it should be able to settle once and for all how far the confessions of political prisoners in Russia can be accepted as evidence of their guilt. I am not suggesting that most of these prisoners are not guilty of conspiracy of some kind, but many of us feel puzzled when men who have devoted their lives to revolution confess that they have been conspiring to betray the revolution and their country to Fascist powers. The confessions may be true, for human nature is a very odd thing outside democratic countries, as it is, indeed, inside democratic countries. But till the conspirators have had their blood-pressure registered, many of us will continue to feel a little bewildered.

I hope that in time a handy and less elaborate form of the lie-detector will be invented. I should like to see a small lie-detector made which could be worn on the person like a wrist-watch and which would automatically register a lie, not by making a graph, but by ringing a chime. Much as I object to unnecessary compulsion, I should also like to see the wearing of this lie-detector made compulsory for all writers and speakers. You may think it would be useless in the case of writers, since most of them do their work in solitude, with no one present to hear the accusing chime. Even so, I think the wearing of the lie-detector would have a restraining influence. Imagine, for example, the reactionary leader-writer sitting down gleefully during a London County Council election to prove that Mr. Herbert Morrison was

chained to the Communist chariot-wheel. Every time he wrote the word "Red," a tiny echo of the bells of St. Martin's would interrupt him from the neighbourhood of his wrist. That, I think, would fluster him. He would go on, however, and drag in the name of Mr. Harry Pollitt. Again the bells of St. Martin's would chime ironically. With what spirit do you imagine he could continue to write, if all the time his wrist were telling him most sweetly that he was a perverter of the truth? After all, there is such a thing as conscience, which may be easy enough to silence in ordinary circumstances, but which would become irresistible if the still, small voice came from one's wrist.

Then there are the people who write letters to Members of Parliament and to the papers about the Redness of the B.B.C. In their favour it should be said that most of them are honest: they believe what they write: but what they happen to believe is untrue. Can a lie-detector be made delicate enough to register even an unconscious falsehood? If it can, a great deal of anti-Red nonsense—and of Red nonsense—should be rendered impossible in the future. Recently, for example, a number of anti-Reds wrote to their M.P.s accusing Professor John Hilton of having indulged in Communist propaganda in the course of a wireless talk. Suffering from suspicion-mania, they were evidently the sort of people who believe that anyone is a Communist who admits that Russians are human beings. Tell them that the sun sometimes shines in Russia and at once you go down in their black books as a Communist. Listening in this mood to Professor Hilton, they mistook every quotation he made for an expression of his own opinion, misunderstood his irony, and judged him by the first half of a sentence without listening to the second. An M.P. suggests that Professor Hilton should have made his meaning clearer; but how can you make your meaning clear to people who are determined to misunderstand you? The wireless speaker cannot be constantly interrupting himself to say "The italics are mine" or "Here you must imagine inverted commas," or, in the manner of Artemus Ward, "This is a goak." Even the cleverest people frequently misunderstand the plainest statement; so what hope is there for the unclever? The lie-detector on the wrist, however, would at least make people pause before imparting their misunderstandings to M.P.s and the editors of newspapers. One admonitory chime, and the letter would be torn up and thrown into the wastepaper basket.

The instrument would be equally useful as a check on public speakers. Even Ministers of the Crown would be more careful of their answers in the House of Commons if they knew that the most innocent prevarication would be succeeded by a give-away chime. I once knew a charming Minister who, if he had blurted out something foolish at a public meeting, would, on being questioned about it, declare that he had been misreported. He would not have libelled the reporters with so good a conscience, I fancy, if he had known that his libel would be immediately followed by a cheerful "ting-ting-ting-ting" from his wrist. How much more interesting the Parliamentary reports will become if the wrist-detectors are invented! Where we now have only "Cheers," "Loud Cheers" and "Laughter" variegating the speeches, we shall have a most enjoyable addition every now and then of "Ting-ting-ting-ting." German corpse-factories will be chimed out of existence, and the Russian nationalisation of women will perish to the faint music of far-off bells.

During elections, again, speakers will actually have to think before they speak. Harassed secretaries will have to work like navvies to verify every statement before a candidate dares to make it. There will be no surer way of bringing a meeting to an end in confusion than by making a speech that will be constantly interrupted by that impartial "ting-ting-ting-ting" rapturously chorussed by all the hostile elements in the audience. "Are we down-hearted? No, no, no," was a line, sung to a hymn tune, that was much chanted by the tipsy in the early days of the war. It is easy to imagine that, when the wrist-detector is made compulsory for public speakers, a new version of the line—"Do we believe him? No, no, no"—will be sung with the deadliest effect through many a speech at an election meeting.

Even in private, the wearing of the lie-detector should, I think, be made compulsory. It would, of course, embarrass many a dinner-table. How all the guests would pause to listen as the chimes suddenly sounded at one corner of the dinner-table! Compliments would be reduced by fifty per cent. "Perfectly marvellous" (chimes). "I simply loved it" (chimes). "How extraordinarily interesting!" (chimes). The worst of it would be, of course, that not only would compliments be reduced in number, but there would be a fifty per cent. drop in scandal. "You know the real explanation: he's a secret drinker" (chimes). "I met So-and-so the other day: he was saying simply awful things about you" (chimes). "Well, you know what *he* is?" (chimes).

Fortunately, there is enough scandal that is true, and there are (perhaps) enough compliments that are genuine, to keep life interesting. In the matter of scandal and compliments the lie-detector will merely separate the sheep from the goats. That I think is something worth aiming at. *Magna est veritas*, and in gossip as in murder cases it might as well be allowed to prevail.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

TRADE UNION POLICY

SIR,—To assist in clarifying a situation apparently somewhat obscure, may I comment on the article, "What the Trade Unions are Doing," in your issue of February 20th?

The recent rise in wages can scarcely be described as "slight and unobtrusive." The officially estimated net weekly increase in rates of wages of insured workpeople (not including agricultural labourers, Government employees, domestic servants, shop assistants and clerks) during the past three years is as follows: 1934, £91,500; 1935, £192,100; 1936, £487,050; 1937, (to January 31) £54,590: total £825,240.

Assuming that this upward sweep is not yet halted, then in a little over three years the unions have got back all that was lost in money wages in the four depression years, 1930–1–2–3. The cost of living figure has also risen, though not yet spectacularly. In view of the historical lag of wages behind prices this is not precisely a record of inactivity.

The assumption that English Trade Unionism is moribund to-day because its operations are not accompanied by the great strikes of the past, or the present-day American conflicts, overlooks one essential point—in England of the 'eighties and in America to-day the struggle is for *recognition*, a question of principle. Once negotiating machinery is set up a strike is seldom a matter for congratulation, from the workers' point of view. That English Trade Unions to-day can and do use the weapon of the strike to establish the rights of free association and of collective bargaining can be ascertained by anyone who reads the daily papers.

It should not be too easily assumed that all Trade Union leaders and executives are unaware of the danger that a refusal to countenance Communist interference may lead to a too casual treatment of informed criticism from within. In fact, the general secretary of one of the largest Unions in the country this month draws attention in his journal to the constant need for constructive criticism.

The problem of the new industrial areas is a tough one, and it would be idle to pretend it is within sight of solution, but in the Midlands at least results are far from discouraging. New methods are constantly being tried, and there is recognition of the peculiar difficulties presented by an industrial population in districts where, as your contributor points out, there is no Trade Union tradition.

The two questions of holidays with pay and the forty-hour week are, of course, in the forefront of every Trade Union activity to-day, and are made the subject of discussion even in cases where such demands are at first regarded as wildly impossible. With regard to holidays at least, progress is considerable.

There is one point not mentioned by your contributor, in which I think the Unions are very remiss—they don't seem to understand the gentle art of publicity, and I have a great deal of

sympathy with the writer of the article in question, who finds it difficult, in stating what the Unions *ought* to be doing, to assess what in fact they *are* doing. If it is not impertinent, I should like to recommend him (and others interested) to study the pages of a periodical which runs the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION close in my own scale of preferences—the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, which for sixpence per month provides a large amount of very wholesome food for thought.

I have left until last a very grave and controversial issue. I state here a personal view on a matter about which we all need to make up our minds, and though I think this may be distasteful to many sincere Socialists, I put it forward soberly and in no spirit of factiousness.

I do not believe, then, that in this country and under present conditions Trade Unions are or should be organs of revolution; they are by their very nature organs of compromise—no Trade Unionist asks his officials to make a revolution on his behalf, but to obtain the best possible conditions for him until such time as he shall make the revolution for himself. The Trade Union can and should be a *training ground* for revolutionaries; it should give its members the physical and mental environment which makes effective united action possible. But to expect the T.U.C. to bring about an immediate revolution seems to me about as logical as to give a sick man a tonic, however excellent, in the belief that it will act as an emetic and violently expel poisons from his system.

ELLEN MCCULLOUGH

105 Hamilton Road, N.W.11.

FRANCO'S POLITICAL POLICY

SIR,—Mr. Henry Brinton is certainly in error when he writes in your issue last week that in Spain "the rebels do not pretend that if they are successful they will carry out reforms. They aim at restoring the *status quo ante*." This may be true of certain sections of them, and it is, of course, quite on the cards that the reactionaries will eventually come out on top. Nevertheless, in the part of Spain from which I have just returned there are forty Falangists to be seen for every Carlist, and it is the generally accepted view that General Franco's own political aims are very close to those of Falange, whose "twenty-seven points" comprise the drastic reconstruction of Spain on "National Syndicalist" lines.

When I remarked to a Falangist that the one thing which must be avoided at all costs was a return to the old Spain of priests and landlords and *caciques*, he replied: "We are in entire agreement with you about that; in fact, we are secretly very pleased at the numbers of members of those three categories who are being shot by the Reds. It will simplify our task a lot when the period of reconstruction arrives."

ARCHIBALD LYALL

Oxford and Cambridge Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

PARTIES IN SPAIN

SIR,—We are forced to complain of the many inaccuracies contained in Mr. Cyril Connolly's *Spanish Diary* in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of February 20th.

In many cases Mr. Connolly has failed to grasp, not only the motives, but even the policy, of the major political parties. His statement that the Anarchists are trying to fuse the C.N.T. and the U.G.T., and that the Communists oppose this, could be corrected by most of the literate twelve-year-old children of Barcelona. The U.G.T. and the C.N.T. are on their own initiative, negotiating for the fusion of the two organisations; the Communists and Socialists are supporting them wholeheartedly, not only through the medium of their press, but also at public and Trades Union meetings. These are facts that can be confirmed by reading the papers, attending public meetings, and talking to a more representative section of the people than Mr. Connolly encountered.

One of the more flagrant errors in Mr. Connolly's article is his description of the Communist Party in Spain as "numerically weak." Here, again, a little child could lead Mr. Connolly. The Communist Party in Spain is numerically stronger than any other party. In Catalonia also, the United Socialist Party, which is affiliated to the Communist International, has a larger membership than any other political party.

We were present at one of the conversations Mr. Connolly reports. Some of the remarks quoted were made, but Mr. Connolly fills in many gaps to suit himself, and omits all the modifying statements. To select and amplify a series of remarks made over a period of hours, and condense them into a paragraph which may fit a particular argument (if Mr. Connolly has one) can only be described as dishonest reporting.

One of the points on which we agree with Mr. Connolly is his admiration for the heroism of Madrid. But it is worth while mentioning that Mr. Connolly did not go to Madrid. From this we may perhaps conclude that people such as Mr. Connolly would do better to stay in England and draw on the experience of others for their articles. The best comments are not written in a disgruntled frame of mind and we fear that Mr. Connolly may have been unduly influenced by the mild discomforts that even casual visitors to countries at war must endure.

R. L. BENNETT
ROSALEEN SMYTH
MARGOT MILLER

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[Mr. Connolly replies: "It seems I should have met more children in Barcelona. The C.N.T. first proposed an alliance with the U.G.T. at Saragossa in May, 1936. When I left Spain I had not come across the evidence of the Communists supporting their fusion which Mr. Bennett informs me of. I should be glad to see it. If the Communist Party is the largest in Spain it seems a scandal that there are no Communists in the Catalan Government and only sixteen members in the Cortes of Valencia. I should have thought they were outnumbered by the Anarcho-Syndicalists, the Socialists, and the four parties of the Catalan Left. And why are there only three in the Valencia cabinet? I have mentioned elsewhere why I did not go to Madrid. When I left Spain Mr. Bennett had not been either, but I should not think the less of him for it."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE HABSBURG QUESTION

SIR,—I have only just had the opportunity of reading Mr. Gatehouse's extremely interesting article on Austria in your issue of February 20th. While I agree with most of the points in his summary of the present situation, I am inclined to think that he underestimates the importance of the Habsburg question.

My reasons for thinking this are as follows. There has recently been a considerable revival in discussion of the Monarchist movement in the officially controlled press, which appeared at first to some hasty observers as a warning from the Government that they would not tolerate active Monarchist propaganda; but which, on closer examination, seemed much more plausibly to indicate a definite desire on Schuschnigg's part to assert Austria's right to recall Otto whenever the time seemed ripe, but at the same time to warn certain Monarchist enthusiasts that the movement must be kept within the framework of the Patriotic Front, and that he, Schuschnigg, intended to control it. The whole campaign seemed, indeed, to bring the Habsburgs much closer, particularly when it was followed by an anti-Czech press campaign, of short duration though this was.

The fact that the Little Entente swallowed the reintroduction of conscription into Austria with little more than a wry grimace, has undoubtedly encouraged Austrian Monarchists to believe that Otto's return to Vienna would be swallowed in the same way, provided that Budapest did not follow Vienna. But, apart from this, Schuschnigg, representing as he does those dominant sections of the Austrian bourgeoisie who on serious economic as well as sentimental grounds wish to see Austria remain independent and revive its old imperium, started as a Monarchist of conviction, and there is no reason to believe that recent years have altered his fundamental political aims; on the contrary, the idea of an eventual Habsburg restoration is a key that fits all his political moves since Dollfuss's death. With all the skill in intrigue his Jesuit background would lead one to expect, he has managed to concentrate power in his own hands and keep at bay two illegal popular movements either of which is probably larger in numbers than his own following, and at the same time to play off his big neighbours one against the other with surprising success. First he favoured Italy; then, after the Abyssinian adventure had begun seriously to drain Mussolini's forces, Germany; and now, when both Italy and Germany are sinking into deeper economic difficulties, and the French General Staff, with stronger backing from England, shows signs of fight, Schuschnigg's words and deeds seem to reveal a surprising inclination towards the West, while at the same time Monarchist propaganda grows louder.

Schuschnigg means to keep Austria independent if he can, but independent for a Habsburg. On February 25th the *Neuigkeits Weltblatt*, the paper in closest touch with him, had a first paragraph

on its front page about the return of the Archduchess Adelhaid to Austria. Her brother, Otto, accompanied her to the frontier at Buchs (he is now in Lichtenstein). The paragraph continued: "Kaiser Otto accompanied his sister to the train and remained in conversation with her until its departure. For a long while after he watched the train, which slowly vanished from his glance, in the direction of Austria. . . ."

Vienna. ONE OF YOUR CORRESPONDENTS

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—In his interesting criticism of *History of Modern Morals*, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes makes one serious error. He states that "Soviet Russia has made male homosexuality a capital offence," and in his final paragraph, referring to the various protagonists of sexual freedom, he remarks, "They might also have questioned the right of the State to execute homosexuals, as in Russia."

The fact concerning homosexuality in the U.S.S.R. is that the maximum sentence is five years. This sentence is very considerably reduced when the accused has become normal. The object of the sentence is not to punish the homosexual, but to remove him from the environment and associations that have, in the opinion of the Court, caused the abnormality. The accused is sent to one of the prison communes such as Bolshevo, where he is encouraged to take up work, and to use his leisure in the study of music, theatre, art, or some other cultural activity. He is paid for his work, and there are no restrictions which are not agreed on by the prison council appointed by the prisoners themselves. In the one case I know of, the homosexual was persuaded to take up dramatic work, and was sent with a company to tour an autonomous republic in the Far East. When in the opinion of the doctor attached to the commune, and the prison Soviet, the homosexual has become normal, the remainder of his sentence is remitted.

Capital punishment in the U.S.S.R. only exists for crimes against the State.

Without associating myself with the idea that homosexuality is criminal, I feel that the U.S.S.R., which does consider it a social offence treats what are, in their eyes, offenders, in a humane and intelligent manner. HILDA BROWNING

98 Gower Street, W.C.1.

"JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY"

SIR,—I hope that you will allow me the opportunity, even after this long lapse of time, of commenting on the review of Miss Utley's book, *Japan's Feet of Clay*, in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, November 17th, 1936, by Mr. Bertrand Russell.

I approve of Miss Utley's general thesis that Japan is a poor country, and this few Japanese would seek to deny. Her arguments as to Japan's vulnerability in time of war owing to her dependence on imports for all essential raw materials are almost exactly those used in very recent years by a member of the Japanese Cabinet, in conversation with an Australian Minister, in an effort to dispel the fear of Japan which almost all Australians accept as an article of faith. One wonders, therefore, who is responsible for the bluff which Miss Utley is at such pains to expose that Japan is a great and powerful country of large-scale industry, when in fact she is still so largely a country of domestic and cottage industry. Certainly the Japanese make no secret of the matter, and Miss Utley has no doubt been handed, as I have, reports in English by the Chambers of Commerce in Nagoya and Osaka, in which the importance of industrial establishments with less than five employees is set out openly and without equivocation.

Because Miss Utley's case is in many ways so sound it is regrettable that propagandist zeal should expose her to the accusation of an uncritical bias, if not to what amounts at times to misrepresentation. For example, in her endeavour to support her accusation as to the evils of the Japanese industrialisation and the influence of declining standards of living on the health of the people, she states that the death rate is "already 19 per 1,000," from which the only inference is that the death-rate is rising, whereas from 22 per 1,000 in 1923 it has fallen to round about 18 per 1,000 to-day. Again, in illustrating the decline in efficiency of Japanese agriculture she gives figures for the two quinquennial periods 1926–30 and 1931–35 to illustrate the decline in productivity during the latter period. Miss Utley is no doubt sufficiently versed in statistical methods to know that there is no significant difference between the yearly rates of production which she quotes.

No one would deny the serious plight of Japanese agriculture, and some of the hideous facts which Miss Utley has collected with such ghoulish industry are undoubtedly true, just as dissatisfaction with the lot of the agricultural people was one of the pretexts for the murders of February 1936. On the other hand, it would have been well had she heeded the warning of an authority, whose standing even she would accept, that "There is good reason to believe that press accounts of suffering among farmers are more sensational than exact and that there are movements of party politics behind the agitation which brought the problem to the foreground." (Report on Economic Conditions in Japan, by G. B. Sansom and D. W. Kermode, H.M. Embassy, Tokyo; London, 1933.)

It would be futile to enter into a discussion of the reliability of Miss Utley's conclusions as to the part played by low wages and industrial efficiency respectively in the development of the Japanese textile trade, but it may not be unreasonable to suggest that a better perspective could be gained by considering in conjunction with her work that of Messrs. Hubbard and Baring (*Eastern Industrialisation and its Effect on the West*, London, 1935).

It is difficult for an Australian to accept her opinion that the growth of the woollen industry, in contrast to that of cotton, will be slow owing to the greater relative cost of raw materials when compared with the cotton industry. We in this country can only remember that whereas in 1926 Japan bought 191,000 bales of Australian wool, in 1936 she purchased nearly 800,000 bales. This may be slow progress to Miss Utley, but nevertheless is an unprecedented growth in any wool consuming country in the world. It is the more satisfactory in that 80 per cent. of Japan's production of woollen textiles is for her own consumption, even though Miss Utley considers that her people are too poor to buy wool.

In conclusion, might I suggest that Mr. Bertrand Russell's hope that the rule of the brutal and barbarian Japanese will not be imposed on any more of the Asiatic peoples represents in rather extreme form the view that there are no favourable aspects of Japanese colonisation. I found to my surprise, however, when in Korea last year, that even amongst missionaries, whom no one would accuse of being ardent propagandists of Japanese policy in that country, there was a grudging admission that she was "not making a bad job of things." There is no question that materially at least Korea is enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity (Report of the Economic Conditions of Japan, by Sir G. B. Sansom, Tokyo, 1936), while the same authority states that another Japanese colony, Formosa, "enjoys a period of peaceful prosperity such as is not too common in the world to-day."

Personally, though such judgment is entirely empirical, I have found, on returning to Japan after a lapse of six years, that there is evidence of a definite rise in living standards in urban areas, in which the population is growing steadily, while that of the rural areas falls. That a poor Oriental country, which after all is what Japan is, has shown increase in wireless licences from 1,300,000 in 1932 to 3,000,000 in 1936, with an annual registration fee (equivalent in internal purchasing power) of 12*s*. to 18*s*. over this period, may be regarded as one indication of this. At the same time there are such additional indications as the increase in the consumption of woollen goods and of such animal food as eggs, of which consumption has doubled in the last ten years, which all combine to suggest that Miss Utley has been unreasonably pessimistic, just as she has been unnecessarily insulting to all Japanese, except those whose political sympathies are akin to her own. No one would deny that she had done a real service to Japan in pointing out certain aspects of her economic and political systems which are to be deplored by all liberal people, but the service might have been more effective had it not erred in the directions I have tried to indicate. I. CLUNIES ROSS

University of Sydney, Sydney, N.S.W

POVERTY AND MALNUTRITION

SIR,—Living in a distressed area and having to plan my own budget carefully myself, I am always interested in any article on nutrition.

I entirely agree with Dr. Wilkins that it is impossible for the low-wage earner—let alone the unemployed man—to feed his family properly on the existing wage rates.

It costs me 8*s*. a week to feed an adult properly. That includes meat five days a week, fruit every day, nearly a pint of milk a head; but in addition I have my own eggs, green vegetables and

potatoes, which would bring the figure nearer the 10*s*. Sir John Orr considers necessary.

I wish to emphasise that to manage on 8*s*., all cakes and bread are baked at home, fruit is bottled in season, jams made at home and eggs preserved. How can poor people buy sugar, fruit, etc., in bulk in order to do this? Not to mention the storage room required, which I find is considerable.

The unemployment allowance for a child under five is 3*s*. weekly: my own baby of eight months costs 5*s*. a week to feed. Is it any wonder that by the time they reach school age so many children are found to be physically defective? M. LUNN

Greengate, Moresby, Whitehaven.

THE FACTORIES BILL

SIR,—It is something of a shock to find in a progressive publication like the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION anything so thoroughly, so startlingly, reactionary as the following, in your issue of February 20th: "Women should be excluded from work for six weeks before and six weeks after childbirth." I had thought you took the view that women were responsible adult human beings, not the sub-adult inferiors which the framers of the Factories Bill appear to consider them, bracketing them throughout the Bill with the "young persons" and regimenting them accordingly.

Has it ever occurred to you what the real position of the woman factory worker is, under these high-handed exclusions, misleadingly termed "protective"? As pregnancy is not an illness (most women can, without hurt, continue their work until childbirth) the doctor refuses a certificate of illness; so there is no sickness benefit. As employers are (at present for four weeks) forbidden to employ them, the women are told they are not "available for employment"; so no unemployment benefit. Result: to secure *some* kind of maintenance the woman is driven into any work she can find, often heavy and quite undesirable. Yet, not content with the present four weeks' embargo, you desire its extension to six weeks!

The only satisfactory way to deal with maternity is to consider it as and when it entails *disablement from work*. And that is purely an individual matter, no more susceptible of a hard-and-fast "six weeks before and after" than would be a man's disablement by pleurisy or poisoning. *Some* women are disabled before the birth (though normal women are not); some are fit to return to work in a fortnight, others not for two or three months. Medical certificate for the whole period of real *disablement* ought to ensure sick benefit, and so soon as she is no longer disabled the woman ought to be free to return to work and draw her wages.

That is the legislation we ought to have; in line with a decent conception of women's status, and I hope yet to see the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION supporting such demand.

Gravels, Radlett. E. M. WHITE

[We do not regard the exclusion of women from work in a factory for six weeks before and six weeks after childbirth as reactionary, but as highly desirable alike for the mother and the child, and in the best interest of the community. Of course, the woman should receive payment, whether wages or benefit, during the whole period.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DIVORCE LAW

SIR,—Eminent schoolmasters, professors and clergymen have proved day after day in the columns of the *Times* that for the Christian there "is no such thing" as divorce, and that marriage is indissoluble "according to the order of the universe." That, I am glad to say, disposes of those enemies of marriage who wish to break out of its sacred bond.

There is, however, another danger to marriage. It arises from those who, without necessarily seeking divorce, are not wholeheartedly happy in their married life. The looks, the words, sometimes even the actions of these people, constitute in effect a criticism of matrimony. So long as they continue to advertise the unhappiness of what must, according to those best qualified to judge, be a permanently blessed state, so long will there be some who seek a way out of marriage, and others who hesitate about taking the way in.

I suggest, therefore, that all church-people, of whatever denomination, should support the Bishops in introducing a Compulsory Happiness of Married Persons Act, to be given precedence over all other legislation. The penalties for failure to comply with its provisions should include loss of employment and civic rights, excommunication, and a public flogging, administered by one Archbishop, one Fellow of a College or Headmaster, and one Justice of the Peace—whose status would undoubtedly be enhanced by the association.

I suggest these milder penalties with diffidence, and as a concession to the incurable weakness of our age. There will be many, I know, who feel that for those who become restive under a union which Church and State have combined to hallow, the death penalty is in no way too severe. H. T. HOPKINSON

18 Cecil Court, S.W.10.

SIR,—I really must take exception to Mr. Thomson's letter in your issue of February 27th. His naiveté is shown by his opening remark: "As the law now stands everybody who wishes to be divorced is divorced." This is patently incorrect. How, for instance, can one persuade a lunatic, a prisoner, or a vindictive spouse to set one free *a vinculo*—especially as that spouse will have to go through the Gilbertian but unpleasant performance of issuing a "humble petition," swearing affidavits and finally giving evidence in Court?

A. P. Herbert's Bill appears to many a reactionary step; it gives very little evidence of the necessary change of viewpoint desirable, and is an attempt to sew new pieces on to a worn-out garment. The five years' "safe" period must perhaps be regarded as a necessary sop to the Bishops, but it may have the immoral effect of keeping two people legally married for some six years against their will.

Surely it would be possible to obtain some M.P., who is not afraid of a small minority of his constituents, to put forward a Bill on the basis of the law being converted for the benefit of human beings. So that when that subtle something has happened, and the marriage (being a mutual thing) is no longer existent in fact, either party may apply, subject to proper financial safeguards, for a legal divorce. I shall be told, however, that it is only in unchristian Russia where the law is made for man.

7 New Square, W.C.2. AMBROSE E. APPELBE

UNIVERSITY UNIT IN SPAIN

SIR,—One does not want to multiply demands for relief for Spain, but may I make through your columns a very urgent appeal for the needs of the University Unit, which, under Sir George Young, is organising hospital and relief work for refugees in the Almeria district? The need is desperate for funds, warm clothes, old linen, medical and hospital supplies and comforts of all kinds. Many of the refugees, men, women and children, fled from Malaga with nothing; many were wounded or fell sick on the roads; all are destitute. Cheques should go (at once) to the University Unit, c/o Viscount Churchill, 19 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C. Gifts in kind (also at once) to University Unit, c/o Mrs. Sitwell, 114 Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

ROSE MACAULAY

PORK PIE HATS

SIR,—I was amused at Mr. Cyril Connolly's regarding the "pork pie" hat as being one of the signs of incipient Fascist sympathies. I have always entertained an instinctive antipathy to Englishmen who affect this headgear, and although it may be wrong to generalise, one has learnt by sad experience the type of mentality one may usually expect it to cover.

I believe that in its origin the "pork pie" was, sometime before the war, the perogative of horsy men. Having thus in its infancy acquired a first-class "snob appeal" it followed the usual trend of these hall-marks of aristocracy and gradually became the affectation of the social climbing brigade of the middle classes. In this it was considerably helped by the enormous boom in popular equitation. The typical "pork pie" type can be recognised by several well-marked characteristics:

(1) Their laboriously cultivated but not always convincing "Oxford accent" and their tendency to address one as "old boy" with monotonous frequency.

(2) An intense public school and physical snobbery.

(3) A kind of cataleptic hypnotism combined with a vacant expression which affects them on hearing the National Anthem played.

(4) A highly developed herd instinct with much noisy chattering and frequent cries of "have you heard this one?"

(5) Deep distrust and suspicion of others who are not part of the herd or who advance any but the most conventional ready-made ideas. These are described as "cads" or, if foreign, "dagoes."

J. R. D.

Miscellany

THE MIND OF JAPAN

SEVERAL Western opinions about Dai Nippon do that land a grave injustice. For example, there is a common Western idea, especially in liberal circles, that the Japanese press has as little liberty as the press of Germany or Russia. Actually, the Japanese press is the freest in the world—for scandal. There are, to be sure, such limitations on the freedom of the press as libel laws, but they are never really enforced, as many an indignant foreigner has discovered. But the Japanese press is not so chauvinistic as to confine its exposures to foreigners; the Premier himself is no less immune than the most unworthy "outer barbarian" in having the minutest details of his private life bared to the public. Thus, when Okada was Premier—before the February 26th, 1936, uprising—the press almost daily carried stories of his incredible capacity for *sake* (a potent rice wine drunk hot) and some of the effects therefrom. Nor were such stories confined to the "penny" journals; instead, they appeared most frequently in such organs as *Nichi Nichi* and *Asahi*, which have as much prestige in Japan as the London *Times* in England and far more circulation.

The following item (the translation is that of a Tokyo press agency) is gleaned from *Nichi Nichi*:

> Premier Okada, who several days ago boasted of insensibility to pain more greater than that of King Kong, declaring that any criticism directed against him would be just a splash of water against the face of a crocodile, was present at yesterday's Cabinet meeting; but after it was over, he went to bed and stayed there for the rest of the day. It was found that he had drunk *sake* excessively in celebrating the end of the Diet session.
>
> Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, the Cabinet Secretary, commented: "*Sake* is telling even on the face of a crocodile."

Another item on Premier Okada's *sake* drinking comes from *Asahi*:

> Premier Okada every night enjoys sipping a large bottle of *sake*, but he does not care whether the *sake* he is served is worth 20 sen or 80 sen. If the bottle contains *sake* of whatever quality, he is satisfied and sips the whole bottle with his face beaming with smiles.

Who can say after that that Japan has not achieved real democracy?

Another outstanding item in the press of those days related to the hormone injections being taken by the aged and late Finance Minister Takahashi. *Nichi Nichi* once reported that Mr. Takahashi, while commenting on the age of a colleague in the Cabinet, "looked as if he were proud of the effect of the hormone injections he receives."

Since the assassination of Takahashi in the February 26th uprising, *Asahi* has brought to light the efforts of other eminent statesmen to find the Fountain of Youth:

> Less well known to the general public, perhaps, than the hormone injections of the late Finance Minister Korekiyo Takahashi or the geranium nepalese tonic of Mr. Chuji Machida, president of the Minseito, Education Minister Hachisaburo Hirao too has an elixir of youth, the secret of which has been imparted to him by an old man in Sumiyoshi, Osaka, who has lived to a great age by the virtue of the medicine, so the story runs.
>
> The preparation is made of unhulled rice, black soya beans and yellow sesame roasted ground, and mixed in equal parts. To this is added the medicinal herb Galana, found in the South Seas, and the mixture is drunk in the morning coffee, one teaspoonful per cup.
>
> Mr. Iwai, the Education Minister's secretary, was urged to try it, but he took it at night by mistake and all night he tossed about in bed, unable to sleep on account of the drug's stimulating effect. This seems a proof of the efficacy of Mr. Hirao's tonic.

Another popular Western idea about the Japanese is that they are not original but merely imitative. Actually, they are in many ways the most original people in the world. For example, no Western country can boast of such profound rules of conduct as the following from the list of regulations laid down by the Tourist Industry Board for the behaviour of waitresses in dealing with foreign guests:

> Don't ask a foreigner's age unless you absolutely must.
>
> Light pranks add zest to your service, but don't pull their ears.
>
> Don't go as far as the door when you direct foreigners to the lavatory.
>
> Don't go into the bathroom when foreigners are bathing to ask whether the temperature of the water is just right or to help them wash themselves.
>
> To foreign ladies large napkins should be offered to hide their knees when sitting.

Further originality is displayed in the current campaign inaugurated in preparation for the 1940 Olympic Games in Tokyo, to protect Japanese womanhood against foreigners who might take too seriously Kipling's dictum about there being no Ten Commandments east of Suez. "Immoral foreigners" will be promptly deported, and the Tokyo Metropolitan Police has ruled that an "immoral foreigner" is one "who at any time has relations with more than one woman." Further, "attention will be drawn to the evils of relations with foreigners of this type in lectures at girls' schools." (These quotations are taken from a report issued by *Domei*, the one official Japanese news agency.)

Another common Western misconception is that the Japanese are lacking in both sense of humour and philosophic profundity. Actually their humour is very airy, as may be shown by a report in the *Miyako* when the revered Mr. Mamoru Shigemitsu, who lost a leg in a Korean bombing episode in Shanghai in 1932, was sent to Moscow this winter as Ambassador:

> Notables in the Foreign Office who are acquainted with Moscow in winter have been sitting in conference discussing how to prevent the international catastrophe of having the distinguished one-legged Ambassador marking his glorious first step in the Red capital by an acrobatic act over the slippery pavement of Moscow Station before the eyes of Soviet dignitaries because of his cane slipping.
>
> Some of the suggestions decided on to be recommended to Ambassador Shigemitsu are: "to have his attendants spray sand over the pavement" and "to attach a spike at the end of his cane as in ski-ing."

One of the most philosophic of all Japanese statesmen is Mr. Eija Amau, chief of the information bureau of the Foreign Office and the official spokesman for the foreign press. According to *Nichi Nichi*, Mr. Amau

> . . . equipped his newly-built foreign-style house with curtains made of rayon. The rayon curtains looked very beautiful, even exceeding the beauty of natural silk.
>
> Seized by rayon-mania, Mr. Amau tells every friend he meets: "Say, rayon is wonderful."
>
> Asked why he takes such a fancy to rayon, Mr. Amau replies: "Rayon is like the wife. It is of good quality and cheap."

Nor is either fun or spirituality neglected by Nipponese statesmen. In the realm of the former is the following report from *Jiji*:

> Mr. Gyoji Arai, chief of the Bureau of Transportation of the Railways Ministry, is notorious for fun and mischief. At a recent Bonenkwai (year-end drinking spree) Mr. Arai held tight the head of Mr. Shinya Uchida, Railways Minister, with his hands and began licking Mr. Uchida's head.
>
> Even the Railways Minister, who is himself a noted mischief-maker, was defeated. Mr. Uchida gave a cry and ran away. Mr. Uchida immediately ordered a bottle of alcohol and had his head well cleaned.
>
> Even this disinfection failed to satisfy Mr. Uchida who was afraid if Mr. Arai's licking would not give him a bald head.

In the line of the spiritual is the vocal treatment for ills by Dr. Baba, Finance Minister in the recently fallen Cabinet. Reporters covering a Cabinet meeting were once startled by loud yells of "Ei! Yat!" by Dr. Baba when he was closeted with Foreign Minister Arita. The explanation was subsequently supplied by the *Yomiuri*:

> Finance Minister Baba is noted for his spiritual treatment of illness. The other day when a dinner was given by Foreign Minister Arita at his official residence in honour of members of the foreign diplomatic corps, the wife of the Rumanian Minister suddenly addressed Mr. Baba:
>
> "I understand you cured Mr. Arita of his illness by applying a mesmerising treatment with a yell. How is the treatment? Tell us something about it."
>
> Unable to express his treatment in full in adequate English, Mr. Baba replied on the spot thus:
>
> "It is very mysterious and I cannot state it simply here. But you must read in the Bible of the miracle of Christ having cured patients. My practice is just like that."

Much impressed by the explanation, the wife of the Rumanian Minister said :

" Is that so ? Then you are a doctor as well as Finance Minister. You will be able to cure financial ills."

It was Mr. Baba's turn to be impressed by her witty words.

Meanwhile, it is certainly time for all of us to be impressed by the mind of Japan.

WILBUR BURTON

IN AN ENGLISH PARK

A RAIN-DRENCHED lawn, a leaf-abandoned tree ;
Above, a March sky strangely still.
In classic decency
Diana's temple domes a mounded hill,
Raised by a Whig lord in a golden age,
Pillar and urn etched in the pool below.

Here in the Prince's Regency
Mused a young girl, men say, and turned *Childe Harold's* page,
Mourning a club foot and a marble brow,
While the Old Guard stood up and starved in snow.

Arms change. Man and song remain the same.
Byron and Bonaparte are clay,
Along with Aeschylus and Alexander
They stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Though verse thought love break free (no shame no fame),
Beauty is a precinct still, progress a prison.
And here for sixpence on a chill March day
Wage-slave and tourist wander.

GEORGE RYLANDS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Twelfth Night," at the Old Vic

Twelfth Night is the most perfect and theatrically successful of Shakespeare's comedies. The poetry, the characters, the humour and even the plot delight an ordinary modern audience without any extraordinary effort on the part of the producer. The twin business is indeed difficult to make convincing, and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has tried to undo the Gordian knot by making one actress double the part of Viola and Sebastian. This works very well till the final scene, when a second actress has suddenly to appear with most disconcerting results. Also some slight difference in the carriage of the twins is desirable, and none was noticeable. Miss Jessica Tandy made a charming Viola, but she was inadequately boyish, and—what was far graver—frequently was quite inaudible. Mr. Laurence Olivier has his name in extra large print on the posters, and has been allowed to " star " the part of Sir Toby : his performance is *virtuoso* and consequently vicious, for it spoils the proportions of the comedy. And in our opinion it was Mr. Marius Goring, as Feste, who really walked away with the play by the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of his acting. Mr. Guthrie gave us a new Malvolio, admirably acted by Mr. John Abbot ; not a bigoted and detestable puritan, but a caricature of a Foreign Office young man. The prison scene is most imaginatively given—the best thing in the production. Mr. Alec Guinness is a good Sir Andrew, and Miss Ivy St. Helier plays Maria well enough, but often seems to be doing one of her famous imitations—shut your eyes, and you would swear it was Miss Evans. The work of a brilliant producer and a good cast is largely wrecked by the depressing dowdiness of the scenery and costumes. It is important that Illyria should be as fresh and lovely as an artist can make it—no one who saw Copeau's production can ever forget the poetic beauty of Mr. Duncan Grant's decor. Miss Bayliss has in the past shown her taste by getting beautiful work from artists such as Mr. Kauffer, Miss Fedorovitch, Mr. Banting, Mr. Beaton, and Mr. Armstrong. But at the Old Vic this season the decors have been consistently saddening. Plain curtains would be altogether preferable.

" George and Margaret," at Wyndham's Theatre

Like Mr. Agate, we cannot believe in the milieu of this play, but nothing alters the fact that in a very simple way it provides a most amusing evening. This is largely due to the adroit production of Mr. Richard Bird, whose hand is visible in innumerable clever touches and a dozen well-arranged entrances and exits, and to the superlative acting by the cast. No one who saw Miss Joyce Barbour fifteen years or so ago as a dazzling young thing in musical comedy would have thought of her being able to touch the rich full-length portrait of Alice Garth-Bander, but it only shows that intelligence and hard work will do anything. A newcomer from the Hull Repertory Theatre, Mr. Noel Howlett, gives an equally distinguished performance on a much quieter note as Father Garth-Bander, and all the little Garth-Banders are admirable, particularly Mr. John Boxer as the commonplace type with a stick and a pipe. Miss Jane Baxter has never been so good before and Miss Ann Casson gives an extremely clever performance as the parlourmaid, who marries Mr. Boxer. There remains the immense grotesque of Miss Irene Handl, who, appearing in the last five minutes of the play, gives a sketch of such devastating humour that, if she can transfer her talent to a larger canvas, she will certainly be one of the great comediennes of the old-fashioned tradition. Recommended to all.

" Retreat from Folly," at the Queen's Theatre

This exceedingly thin play is simply the old formula that love, in this case maternal, will find a way. Miss Tempest graces it with all her natural distinction, but, except for the length of her part, she is not called upon to do anything she cannot do by crooking a little finger. Only in her preference for her erring son, rather than for her ill-tempered daughter, does the character show any individuality, and we are left to sit in our usual dumb adoration at anything so accomplished about anything so silly. As the bad-tempered daughter, Miss Antoinette Cellier showed some of that awkwardness that seems to descend on young actors and actresses after acting in a film or two, but Mr. Peter Coke, as the son, showed very decided promise as a juvenile lead. Without definitely good looks, in the accepted sense of the word, he has an attractive stage appearance and manages to preserve a freshness, which is an asset not to be lost. To be natural when playing with a mechanical tank in the awe-inspiring presence of Miss Tempest is a feat for any young actor, but Mr. Coke is gay about it and not embarrassing. We welcome Miss Tempest, but we wish the play were something more than a pretext for her appearance

" The Ascent of F6," Mercury Theatre

This time Auden and Isherwood have brought it off. *The Ascent of F6* is a poetical drama containing some brilliant comedy, deep psychology, and a central theme—the exploitation by imperialists of all that is best in the youth of the Empire, with the help of their love of adventure and the influence of their parents. That is profoundly moving. It is also an extremely well-constructed play, showing a true sense of the theatre and a knowledge of the limitations of a small cast and a small stage. Particularly brilliant is the picture of Mr. and Mrs. A, a downtrodden suburban couple who act as a kind of chorus and speak a colloquial verse that is the most natural of its difficult kind since Sweeney Agonistes. As to the acting, Mr. Devlin made the best of the arduous part of Ransom, the leader—arduous since he has to speak much blank verse and appear something of a prig ; Barry Barnes was perfect as the Mary-like David ; Norman Claridge effective as the Martha-like Ian. Lord Stagmantle might have been noisier, for a newspaper peer, and Raf de la Torre, as Sir James Ransom, was an admirable presentation of a completely Fascist but not stupid young man. Miss Hedli Anderson's hot jazz number was devastating in its blend of vitality with spiritual death ; Stuart Latham's announcer brought out all the strength and the weakness of a great corporation, and Ruth Taylor as Lady Isobel Welwyn was admirable, too. The new ending is too amateur and boisterous ; it would be better to end with the magnificent Blues. The music by Benjamin Britten and the production by Rupert Doone are worthy of the talent of the authors, and seeing the written word so handsomely given life will generate in the playgoer nothing but admiration, in the writer an envious respect.

" The Road to Rome," at the Embassy

Mysteriously a flop when it was produced a few years ago in the West End, this play has been resuscitated and can be seen till the end of next week at Swiss Cottage. Mr. Sherwood has used a Shavian recipe, and dished up a very pleasant comedy in which the characters bear the Plutarchian names of Hannibal, Fabius Maximus and Scipio. The play has even less to do with

history than any of Mr. Shaw's, less even than a costume film. This does not matter, but Mr. Sherwood's inability to resist underlining simple jokes three times is more serious, and so are his occasional flights into the most blatant type of New York pretentiousness. (There's a lot of claptrap about "the personal equation"—a phrase the exact meaning of which the author has not grasped.) But if the play often quite obliges one to be snooty, it remains unusually good entertainment. It is packed with very sympathetic jokes at the expense of patriotism and the high Roman virtues, and would not be allowed in most European countries. The plot relates that the great Cunctator was a mouthing old fool, whose wife persuaded Hannibal (between the sheets) that military glory was a puerile delusion, and so saved Rome. And if Millamant, while inviting you to *dégrafer* her Schiaparelli frock, cooed Bertrand Russell arguments at you, could you resist her, or them, even if you were Hannibal? Miss Ena Burrill makes the part comic and alluring and convincing, while Mr. James Mason's Hannibal is most engaging and intelligent. Besides these two first-rate performances, we have a broadly played farcical Fabius from Mr. Aubrey Dexter, a bleak Roman matron from Miss Marjorie Gabain, and a notably neat little kit-cat from Mr. David Tree. Mr. Murray Macdonald has made a nice job of this production, though I wish he would not put a "k" into Scipio. If you want fun which is clever—and not too clean—you cannot do better than book to Swiss Cottage.

"Fire Over England," at the Leicester Square Theatre

Those people who cannot abide costume pieces may not get past the barriers of beruffed photographs outside the Leicester Square Theatre or the pictures of Leslie Banks as Lord Leicester and Raymond Massey as Philip of Spain in the foyer. And once inside, those who feel that English freedom has always been inadequate, and those who are strong-minded enough to be consistently cynical about glorious pages of our island story, will be made to squirm more than a little. But for the less critical majority, who, in a cinema's inky privacy are willing to shed a patriotic tear for the martial fame of this sceptred isle, *Fire over England* will provide a cordial orgy of heart swellings. For them Miss Flora Robson is a Gloriana to the life, who recites as if she really meant them those lines from the history book—how do they go?—"I have only a weak woman's body, but my heart is the heart of a King, and a King of England." Mr. Laurence Olivier and Miss Vivien Leigh play the young lovers with great style, efficiency and beauty. Mr. Morton Selten's Lord Burleigh can be described only as a pet. The sea fights are less spectacular than they might have been, but less obviously faked than usual. The dialogue, usually so slow and so Wardour Street in costume-pieces, is lively and even poetical, and the plot does not linger. With any luck at all, Mr. Erich Pommer's first British film should retrieve some of the money the British film industry has, on the whole so deservedly, been losing.

The London Group, at the Leicester Galleries

Disturbances within the London Group last year lead to several changes. The least fortunate of these was the loss of several valuable members, the most, the decision to hold this "closed" exhibition. This is the first time—at any rate for many years—that we have been able to see the work of the Group undiluted by contributions from outsiders. All but two of the remaining members are represented, each by one work. Though the original tendency of the Group towards a sensible non-sectarian painting still predominates, there are several signs that dangerous tendencies from the Continent may soon break out. Mr. Norman Dawson is Surrealist unashamed, and Miss Eileen Agar, one suspects, has been influenced by Picassoes of the type admired by Surrealists. The wildly abandoned caligraphy of some of Picasso's recent romantic water-colours finds an echo, surprisingly and notably, in Mr. Roderigo Moynihan's bold and heavily impastoed nude; while Mr. John Piper's characteristically paraded shapes, though they are admittedly much farther removed from the fountain head, show in what different ways the great man can influence his contemporaries in these days of licence. Among the artists whose works are known to all Mr. Ivon Hitchins, typically tender and lyrical, and Mr. Mathew Smith, typically crimson, stand for the respectable aftermath of British fauvism. Mr. William Coldstream's portrait, beautifully painted and most subtly drawn, is a great advance on the one he showed in the autumn. Miss Ethel Sands's interior is everything a London Group picture should be—capable, honest and erudite—and has great charm, too. Mr. Duplessis's kitchen scene is one of the prettiest examples of his accomplished art, while Miss Hudson's *Church in Normandy* seems to be the most sympathetic thing among the landscapes. This is anything but a sensational exhibition—but nearly everything in it is willing to respond to the sensitive beholder's eye.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 6th—
- International Rally to Meet Ethiopian Exiles, Caxton Hall, 2.20.

SUNDAY, March 7th—
- Prof. H. Levy on "Heresy Hunting," Conway Hall, 11.
- Mr. Wilfrid Roberts on "Spanish Relief Work," Guildhouse, 3.30.
- Song Recital, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W., 6.30.
- M. Cameron on "The Mystery of Moscow Trials," 39 Doughty Street, 7.30.
- Elwyn Jones on "Hitler or Stalin in Finland?" Willoughby Hall, 8.
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "America To-day," 86 Rochester Row, 8.

MONDAY, March 8th—
- "Great Possessions," Duke of York's.

TUESDAY, March 9th—
- Prof. Herbert Dingle on "Present Position of Rationalism," Conway Hall, 7.
- Geoffrey Crowther on "The Economic Structure," Manson Hall, 8.15.
- R. Ellis Roberts on "G. K. Chesterton as I Knew Him," First Edition Club, 8.30.
- Dr. Norman Haire on "Prostitution," Suffolk Galleries, 8.
- "The Squeaker," Strand.
- "Heartbreak House," Westminster.
- Uday Shan-Kai Recital, Savoy.

WEDNESDAY, March 10—
- Prof. P. M. S. Blackett on "The Background of Physical Discovery," University College, 8.
- Vera Brittain on "Women in Transition," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, March 11th—
- Douglas Jay on "Mistakes of Marx," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- Tenth Concert by Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Bats in the Belfry," Ambassadors.

She used to be comfortably off . . .

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

You cannot open a newspaper without reading that someone has been rebuked by a magistrate for his or her "un-English" conduct. Not all misdemeanours are un-English: an Englishman may murder his wife by almost any method, poison, drowning or shooting, so long as he does not stab her in the back. Employed strictly, it is a good enough word. In the modern slang sense, supplanting "unthinkable," it has become purely Blimpesque and surely deserves a place in Mr. Eric Partridge's *Dictionary*. Perhaps, for the benefit of visitors to the Coronation, who will be met with a bustle of patriotism and profiteering, an anthology could be compiled with examples on opposite pages—English and un-English—like the booklets teaching you how to stand at golf. These two paragraphs might be included:

> The place where the fight took place was fairly large. In the middle was a platform as tall as a man of middling height; it had no rail and was open all round so that neither of the fighters could retreat. All round the upper part of the open space were wretched galleries with raised seats, like those on which the spectators sit at the play. But the common people, who do not pay much, are below on the ground. They tried with much violence to clamber up on to the galleries and scaffolding, and when some would have hindered them they cast up such monstrous showers of stones, sticks and filth, and this with no respect for persons, that we were not a little anxious.

The writer, a visitor to London in 1710, describes this scene as being "typically English," but by modern standards it would be un-English. My second paragraph, taken from last Saturday's *News Chronicle*, shows the new variation in our behaviour:

> A crowd of 10,000, spectators of the Ice Hockey World Championship match between Britain and Canada, became hysterical at the Harringay Arena last night. Three minutes before the end of the game the hostile crowd, roused by an injury to a British player, showered orange peel, tins and newspapers upon the ice. Frantic appeals for silence, unheard by the booing crowd, were made. The crowd was shouting for the referee. A threat to end the game had no effect and together with officials, coaches and players, spectators began to invade the ice. The roar went on and things were still thrown on to the ice, but it ceased when the band stood up and began to play "God Save the King" . . . Everyone stood to attention and there was hardly a murmur. . . . Afterwards one of the referees was chased by a crowd of angry spectators down the corridors of the stadium and took refuge in the restaurant, outside which a strong guard of commissionaires was posted. . . .

Everyone, I think, must admire that moment of attention.

* * *

In fact, nearly all the "typically English" qualities are a product of the last hundred years. Mr. S. E. Rasmussen (*London the Unique City*, Cape, 15*s*.) points this out in one of the few passages in his book which are ironical. "The Englishman of to-day whom we know as a well-balanced and self-controlled person under all conditions, an almost super human being, who only through exquisite courtesy shows his interest for the fair sex, is a direct descendant of the plethoric and passionate individuals whom we know so well from English history." He hints that the modern sportsman, the hero of the *Tatler*, so different from the old John Bull, has been over-idealised; but it is no more than a hint. His book is a most sympathetic and intelligent study not only of London but of English social history and manners. It can hardly be an accident that the best books on London since the war have nearly all been written by foreigners: one thinks at once of M. Morand and the late Cohen-Portheim, and of only one English writer, Mr. James Bone. Rasmussen is a Swedish architect who has visited London at regular intervals for many years, spending a month or two at a time looking at our buildings and studying their history. His admiration for the "scattered" development of English towns, as opposed to the "concentration" of Paris or Vienna, has widened into an appreciation of English life in general. Thus, although he writes primarily and in some detail about architecture, he is aware of many cross-currents, aesthetic and social, which escape the academic view. He notes, in Berkeley Square, the light balconies which appeared when George II set the fashion of spending holidays at the seaside; the *chinoiserie* of merchants' houses in Park Lane with their bow-windows and umbrella roofs; the influence of Poussin's *The Rape of the Sabine Women* on Inigo Jones' construction of Covent Garden. Fashions are sometimes curiously mixed, and we find that in the eighteenth century classical architecture goes with the most romantic taste in gardens. William Chambers produced not only Somerset House but also a *Dissertation on Oriental Gardens* (1772) which owed more to invention than to anything he had seen on his travels.

> In his opinion the aim of the layout was to make it a dramatic adventure to walk in the garden. In the previous nature-garden everything had been arranged round an open space, but Chambers wanted to create a series of smaller vistas which gradually reveal themselves to the visitor. Each of them should have its own character and express a special spirit. He asserts that the Chinese have three different kinds of garden: the pleasing, the horrible and the surprising gardens, and he gives a very realistic picture of the horrible gardens, where there are bats, owls and vultures, where wolves, tigers and jackals howl in the forest, while from the paths of the garden you see gibbets and wheels and other instruments of torture.

All that remains of these fantasies is the pagoda at Kew. Rasmussen, by the way, writes excellently about the eighteenth-century style in gardens and points out the importance in English parkland of the solitary tree, standing some way from the others, which both aids the distance and serves as a symbol. He finds our architectural creation at its best in gardens and domestic buildings.

* * *

Looking through the photographs in this book, mostly taken by Rasmussen himself, one thinks how little he has missed. In all large towns, but particularly in London, the anonymous buildings count for much. Several houses in Queen Anne's Gate, designed probably not by an architect but by a builder who had to produce something in the fashion, have spiral staircases of an incredible floating delicacy. There are the roads of warehouses, too (nineteenth century), between Tower Bridge and Wapping: the four photographs here of Nightingale Lane show admirably their massive splendour. Rasmussen ends with a solemn warning against our importation of Continental habits. He might also—though perhaps he would have considered this an impertinence—have paid rather more attention to the destruction, which seems almost systematic, of many of our finest Georgian houses. There is an Act of Parliament under which certain ancient buildings can be scheduled for preservation. Probably it does as much harm as good, for in this Act no building is allowed to be "ancient" unless it was constructed before the death of Queen Anne. English sentiment in these matters unfortunately is sluggish, and a date being given—1714—we have interpreted it in the wrong way: that is, we have tended to accept the "ancient" building as sacrosanct, and therefore aesthetically pleasing or in some way useful, and everything of later date we have assumed the right to destroy. This has been unfortunately true of London. A dispiriting list could be made of Georgian houses in London which have been pulled down during the last few years, for no other reason than for private profit; irreplaceable buildings in the Adelphi, in Bloomsbury squares, in Carlton Gardens, and less obtrusively all over London. (At the moment Soho Square is threatened.) The loss in individual elegance is serious enough; but even worse is the dereliction of taste which encourages builders and site-holders to put up a Mappin Terrace or Globe book-case with no regard to the surroundings. A society for the protection of Georgian houses in London is being formed by Mr. Douglas Goldring, 48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

G. W. STONIER

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The volume opens with a careful and constructive picture of Moscow municipal institutions by Dr. W. A. Robson. This could hardly have been better done.

Professor Jewkes follows with a valuable account of Moscow industry and finance.

Lady Simon contributes a good and solid paper on education.

Sir Ernest Simon deals with housing and building, the Moscow ten-year plan, and the democracy and efficiency of the Mossoviet. His chapters are of real importance, because they are the work of a man whose own training had taught what to look for.

—H. J. Laski in *Manchester Guardian.*

SIR E. D. SIMON
Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, 1934

LADY SIMON
Consultative Committee of the Board of Education

W. A. ROBSON
Reader in Administrative Law, University of London

J. JEWKES
Professor of Economic Research, University of Manchester

7/6 net

LONGMAN'S

ENGLAND IN REVOLUTION

The Oxinden and Peyton Letters. Edited by DOROTHY GARDINER. *Sheldon Press.* 15*s.*

Life in a Noble Household. By GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is a common complaint that History in the schoolroom is too much an affair of military events. In recent years there has been a growing curiosity about the "private life" of History, about the details of sober existence as it goes on behind the massive setpieces of battle and treaty. It is perhaps a democratic ideal to discover the ordinary man in the privacy of his intimate environment, an unknown ancestor among the notorious waxwork figures. The reader is asking what life would have been like for *him*, who is neither a Henry VIII nor a Cromwell. Miss Gardiner and Miss Thomson supply two possible answers from the middle of the seventeenth century, and in so doing throw a peculiar light on English behaviour during civil war and subsequent dictatorship.

The widespread advocacy in our own time of varying forms of revolution gives these books a special interest. *The Oxinden and Peyton Letters*, in particular, show with remarkable clarity the impact of civil war on the living tissue of a society. In the course of these letters no great battle is fought, no new philosophy is born: there is only the immediate response of an ordinary Kentish family and its connections with the social upheaval of revolution. The anger and the zeal are dead now, the arguments are concluded, and History has passed down the street of the winners. All that is left in this correspondence is the pattern of local events, the way individual men act and feel in an atmosphere of uncertainty and change. The tradesman wishes only to be neutral and mind his own business, neighbours take the opportunity to pay off old scores, upstart officials work tirelessly to line their own pockets. It is a pathetic and a comic spectacle, with brief moments of dignity, when such a man as Sir Thomas Peyton, crushed by fines and penalties imposed on him by men of long acquaintance, writes to the punitive committee which has demanded an inventory of his possessions:

> And now Gent: I have presented to you the whole treasure of my fortunes in this worlde: which how to want and yett how to bee content I learn't both at the same time; noe meane progresse, I thank God, for a beginner.

Miss Thomson's *Life in a Noble Household*, which records the life of the Bedford family during the same period, provides a curious contrast with the misfortunes of Sir Thomas Peyton. The Duke of Bedford deserted the Roundhead cause in favour of the King, but in some way escaped any crippling persecution. Like Peyton he was fined, and the contents of his London home were seized, but he can have felt no acute hardship. Indeed, Miss Thomson amusingly observes that

> The Countess, if she were like other housewives throughout the centuries, might have been quite pleased to see a complete clearance of some old chattels. The removal of the dilapidated feather beds, the ancient skillets . . . and many another household article of respectable age gave an excellent excuse for having everything new.

While Peyton lay in gaol writing his dignified and sometimes drily humorous letters of defiance, the Duke of Bedford lived through the war apparently unmolested. But one has continually this impression of a piecemeal revolution with small guerilla forces acting independently and petty local authorities hastily established. The dominating feeling is one of confusion and conflicting loyalties.

Henry Oxinden was the typically moderate man. He fought for Parliament and at the same time tried bravely to save the estates of his royalist friends from ruin. His dislike of the bishops soon yielded to a greater dislike of their supplanters. His political opinions followed the same course as Bedford's and changed over to royalism, but he was not the man to speak his mind and share Peyton's imprisonment. He remained doubtful, divided, inactive. When the monarchy was restored he joined pathetically in the scramble for rewards which he had done nothing to earn.

The picture of himself that Henry Oxinden bequeathes in these letters is intensely human in its blend of virtue and frailty. The cost of successfully defending a spiteful lawsuit, which was pressed against him with a Dickensian malice, undermined his financial position and drove him to endless money worries. He used his children as pawns for profitable marriages (alliances that brought disaster on all concerned), submitted to all the humiliations that afflict those who ask greater favours than they can expect, and ended by selling his home and retiring on a more modest scale. It is a tale of petty overthrows and inglorious failure; and yet the pertinacious, fussy, childishly hopeful character of the man is somehow charming. One realises gradually that he "lacks bottom," is too garrulous and unsubstantial to survive in a world of uncertainty and shrewd individualism. This worldly incompetence must have been sadly brought home to him when his lawyer wrote:

> bee assured that the Londoners have herein beene too hard for all the Cuntry; for the matter was soe closely caried, and the ordenance soe penned, that they only will herby hedge in theyr owne debt and make gaine by others, as if this beneficiall ordenance had been only calculated for the meridian of London.

The city financier was already a bogyman. Peyton's estate was bought by a lawyer, and a Greenwich tradesman moved into Oxinden's home. The spectacle is a familiar one.

The Bedford family, however, shows the other side of the medal. Less than a hundred and fifty years earlier the Russells had been "new" people. Under the fifth earl what was already a great aristocratic family consolidated its fortune. Miss Thomson's narrative is largely devoid of drama, but it pays a fine tribute to the executive ability of a wise landowner. Of particular interest is the draining of the fen lands at Thorney. This was begun by the third earl, a governor of Flushing, who brought Dutchmen to England to advise on the work. The whole estate was developed on similarly imaginative lines, and the details of household accounts and duties give a clear picture of the day-to-day texture of the Duke's life. Lists of domestic expenditure are not normally among the spiciest reading matter, but those that Miss Thomson reproduces continually bring to light something of interest and remind us of the expansion of overseas trade during this period. Tea and coffee appeared soon after the Restoration, and in 1687 an early umbrella unfolded its glories. Port and champagne were new drinks at that time, and glass wine-bottles a novelty; though Henry Oxinden had apparently seen the latter some years before they reached Woburn.

There is occasionally a humorous sidelight, as when the Duke of Bedford circumvented his pious librarian by instructing a less serious servant to order some "tuppeny bloods." No doubt the ducal burden needed relaxations undreamed of in the philosophy

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We predict a marked increase in filial devotion all over the country shortly. But parents, as always, must act first. *Let's Learn to Fly!* costs 3/6—postage *6d.*, and the bookseller will do up the parcel.

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

of an earnest librarian. Another touch of comedy in an unexpected place occurs in the expenses of receiving a dukedom. These handsomely exceeded £1,000 and made a nice feast for the lawyers; while one crumb even fell to the proletariat. The last entry reads: "To a porter to bring home the Patent that created my lord Duke and Marquess . . . 6*d*." As it had cost so much it would certainly have been a pity to leave it behind for the sake of a "tanner."

As one reads through these unpretentious records the feeling grows that life changes little and slowly. The stern religious conviction has since relaxed, but already the countryman was referring to London as "this stinking smoakie Cittie," and children were as apt as ever to imitate blindly an incredible style of punctuation from some belauded schoolmarm. It is a familiar world, where the old are anxious and careful and the young follow the wayward light of impulse. Henry Oxinden's son was convicted as a highwayman, and the family seems to have flickered out. But on these troubled years the last word is Henry's. Though he showed little allegiance to causes he was unshakably loyal to friends, and in 1643 he wrote to a J.P. to complain that unauthorised persons were helping themselves to rabbits from the estate of an imprisoned royalist. It was the kind of gesture he could make so well, and he concludes with:

> If hee himselfe have offended the Parliament, I know not wherein his Conies have done these who use to kill them any offence wherby they shall bee taken for malignants.

It is a fitting comment on a revolution in which the losers retained some elementary rights, and innocent Conies had not to suffer for the sins of their masters. And yet it makes out a case for severity: the cavaliers have departed, but the spared conies take their place as the countryside's Public Malignant No. 1. It is never easy to distinguish the real enemy.

Both authoresses deserve thanks for the care with which they have assembled this interesting material. The indexes in each case are a little half-hearted, and Miss Gardiner's enthusiastic introduction sometimes forgets that the reader has not yet read the letters; but these are small criticisms and do not impair the value of the texts. It is especially pleasing to have the old spelling retained: anyone who has stayed there will agree that "The Fleece Tavern" is much better rendered in the older spelling as "the flees tavern." A. DESMOND HAWKINS

DETECTIVE NOVELS

There's Trouble Brewing. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Black Land White Land. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Stuttering Bishop. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Door Between. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death in the Hopfields. By JOHN RHODE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Feather Cloak Murders. By the TEILHETS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death Comes on Friday. By LILLIAN DAY and NORBERT LEDERER. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Who Killed Jefferson Broome? By HELEN M. KEYNES. *Melrose.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Arsenic on the Menu. By B. H. HOMERSHAM. *Stanley Paul.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bulls Like Death. By MARY FITT. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Experiments in Crime. By GILBERT FRANKAU. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A coincidence of publication led me to read *There's Trouble Brewing* and *Black Land White Land* one immediately after the other, and as the rotund impression of Reggie Fortune lingered on in my mind beside the angularity of Nigel Strangeways, I found myself thinking, "Whoever can enjoy either of these books, or these detectives, for whatever reason, will certainly be able to enjoy the other." At the moment I was being exasperated by those supercilious airs of intellectual condescension in Reggie and Nigel which provide the library subscribers of England with many a smug phantasy. But later I myself derived considerable acid pleasure from discovering that both these paragons were engaged in unravelling the cats cradles of Broadmoor, rather than any rational problem. So I shall continue to bracket Mr. Bailey and Nicholas Blake as purveyors of ambivalent satisfactions. Oddly

Professor John Hilton

the famous broadcaster, reviews the work of the London School of Journalism.

In a letter addressed to the Secretary, Professor John Hilton writes :—

CAMBRIDGE.
13*th February*, 1937.

DEAR GEOFFREY BUTLER,

After one of my recent broadcasts on the subject of Correspondence Schools, your Director very kindly invited me to examine personally the work of the London School of Journalism, and I did so.

As you know, I came in almost without warning and saw the procedure of an ordinary working day at the School, or rather, I saw and heard. You afforded me every facility to enable me to form an unbiased judgment—everything being open for my inspection. I asked numbers of searching questions so that I could see in what way the School could help a would-be writer. I was particularly anxious to find out how you dealt in the first instance with those who consulted with you before deciding to join, and I was struck by the candour and fairness of your preliminary reports and advice.

Let me say at once that everything I saw and heard not merely fulfilled my own notions, but in many respects went far beyond them. I liked the way in which you encouraged the aspirants who came to you to work for a chosen market so that there might be some prospects of their work finding commercial success at an early stage.

I feel sure that your system of individualised instruction is the right one, as it ensures that each student receives the coaching he or she actually requires.

In discussing this point with your tutors, I was shown a number of efforts submitted by students within the previous few days. I read several of these, and asked myself what counsel I should give to the writers. Having made up my mind on that, I asked to see what the tutor had actually written in criticism, and I can only confess that in every case the suggestions made and the counsel given were an advance upon anything I had had in mind.

I discussed the monetary side of the School's activities, and was satisfied that the tuition given was excellent value for the money, and that in cases in which the student is unable or incompetent to continue the Course, the School deals with these difficulties with complete fairness and equity.

May I add that since visiting the School I have already recommended persons who have consulted me to write to you, and without hesitation to take any Course that might commend itself to them.

I shall go on doing this in the future.

Yours sincerely,
(signed) *JOHN HILTON.*

The School's Prospectus, giving particulars of the Courses in Story-Writing, Article-Writing, etc., will be sent post free on application to the Inquiry Bureau,

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
57 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.

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enough, the locale of the two books is the same, Hardy's Wessex. In *Black Land White Land* Reggie Fortune accidentally comes across evidence of an unsuspected crime when a landslip exposes the bones of a prehistoric monster. But Reggie, who always works by intuition rather than method, is accustomed to solve any murder in 60 pages, so two more murders and a few attempts to murder are required to get him through a full-size novel. For readers any attempt to solve these crimes in a reasonable way is a waste of effort, as the criminal's motive is sheer idiocy, but if they like to match their intuition against Reggie's they ought to do just as well in a tenth of the time he takes with his interminable brevities. Nicholas Blake boils a brewer to rag and bone in his own vat—why? One's first suspicion, that it is just for the sake of a witty title, will never do, because that would be simple, sensible and obvious. Oh! no! Nicholas Blake is not Sexton Blake. On the contrary, he is determined to let the reader do all the obvious things, such as expecting a rational motive for a purposeful crime, while he, the author, displays his subtlety by making utter nonsense of his book to spite the reader. I only wish I could give chapter and verse, since detective authors are tending to shelter their misdeeds more and more behind the law forbidding the publication of post-mortems.

For once Erle Stanley Gardner is not up to his usual standard. In *The Case of the Stuttering Bishop* the action is incessant and the pace hotter than ever while Perry Mason keeps on getting going—but where does he go in the end? Mr. Gardner arranges that a Californian millionaire shall be shot in the streets of Los Angeles at a time and place when everyone who wished him out of the way had an opportunity to kill him. But instead of eliminating his suspects properly, Mr. Gardner just piles on the rough stuff and finally picks on someone to confess—too bad.

Ellery Queen forgoes his " challenge to the reader " in *The Door Between*, because the nature of his plot requires that vital evidence should be disclosed only when the reader has already guessed the solution. That shows what a stickler for the proprieties Mr. Queen remains in a degenerate age—the essential proprieties, I mean, between author and reader, not the mere superficial verisimilitudes of character and behaviour which other writers indulge in when it suits their book, only to lapse into frantic absurdity when the moment comes to put their cards on the table. *The Door Between* is a model of sound construction in the artificial world of Mr. Queen's creation. The characters all behave consistently with the data Mr. Queen provides regarding them; the action is smooth, homogeneous and progressive and the solution unique and inevitable: the result will please the strict devotees of Art rather than the licentious appetite for Life.

Death in the Hopfields, by John Rhode, sums up the contents of the book to perfection. We have the hopfields described, the hop-picking described, the hoppers' life described, and the accuracy of description vouched for by Messrs. Whitbread's quarterly magazine; we have death, because after all there must be death in a detective story; and we have John Rhode, which means Professor Priestley, Superintendent Haslet and Inspector Waghorn. Mr. Rhode is modelling himself as closely as possible on Mr. Wills Crofts at Pit Prop Syndicate level, where detection is employed merely as an excuse for a display of expert knowledge on a special subject. I recommend the book to people who would like to know about hops.

Friday night at the Scrivener's Club in New York was not Amami night, it was bumping-off night with ham skewers. Miss Day and Mr. Lederer have rattled off an account of these proceedings in *Death Comes on Friday*, which I enjoyed very much. The menace in these fast American stories is their habit of disregarding the need for a chain of evidence and jumping to the conclusion over the heads of their readers. *Death Comes on Friday* is exempt from this blemish. The story is thickly dotted with clues which it would be unwise to disregard if you wish to keep on terms with the authors' ingenuity.

Mr. Darwin Teilhet's gay, vivacious style reappears in *The Feather Cloak Murders*, but he seems unable to accommodate it to the limitations of a detective story. His detective, the Baron Katz, is always readier with his green umbrella than his intelligence; and the story of this series of murders against the exotic scenery of Hawaii is best appreciated with the tolerance one accords to a thriller.

Miss Keynes's *Who Killed Jefferson Broome?* marks an advance on her *Murder in Rosemary Lane* in her character-drawing, but she is so scrupulously conscientious to the reader that her plots are devoid of guile and her criminals painfully conspicuous. Until she learns a few shady tricks she had better eschew pure detective writing and develop her genuine eye for character in crime novels, as Miss Fitt has done in *Bulls Like Death*. Crime novels are to be distinguished from thrillers, because the emphasis is on the characters and not on the action. In *Bulls Like Death*, for instance, we have an amusing description of life in a students' *pension* in Berlin crystallised round a thin thread of crime.

Arsenic on the Menu is described as a " really baffling mystery," an optimistic label by which nervous authors often hope to intimidate the public from spotting the criminal at his very first intrusion into the plot. In *Arsenic on the Menu* Mr. Homersham does not achieve this feat, but he writes a readable narrative of a poisoning in a London club on rather humdrum lines. As for Mr. Frankau's *Experiments in Crime*, they will appeal to the magazine lovers for whom they were originally written, but in book form one misses the pen and wash illustrations of pukka sahibs terribly.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

DEMONIC OBSCURITY

The Interpretation of History. By PAUL TILLICH. *Scribners.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is philosophy written in the high German manner, so high that I find it practically unassimilable. It makes use of portentous words, " Demonry," " Logos," " Kairos," in senses peculiar to the author which are inadequately defined; it abstractly argues and apocalyptically asserts without deigning to give illustrations for the arguments or grounds for the assertions—its method may, indeed, be described as that of assertion which is always pure, but never simple—and it mistakes the expression of obscurity, which is pardonable, for obscurity of expression, which is sheer bad craftsmanship, with the result that it is extremely difficult to determine what it is that the author is so purely and so unsimply asserting. As a model of how not to write philosophy, I do not think that the book could easily be bettered. It is, of course, possible that the obscurity is due to the translators, but I do not think that it is, for although two different translators have been at work, neither gives any noticeable relief.

Before coming to the book's matter, I venture to justify the foregoing by one or two examples of its manner. The two passages which follow are chosen not because they are particularly obscure—they are, indeed, reasonably average specimens—but because of their bearing upon the argument referred to below.

> Social demonry, like all demonries, becomes effective in a spiritual, meaningful form. The simple lack of form, the weakness of a social structure is naturally not demonic. Demonry is the reign of a super-individual, sacred form which supports life, which at the same time contains the force of destruction in such a way that the destructive power is essentially connected with its creative power. Such are the whole demonries of the sphere of power and Eros.

This is followed a few paragraphs later by the following:

> The breaking of the personality becomes demonic at the moment when Will to Power and Eros abuse the social form and its just claim to sacrifice for their destructive aim.

Paul Tillich has been a professor at Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfurt and Marburg. He was one of the leaders of the Christian Socialist Party, controverted with Karl Barth, was and is a friend of Reinhold Niebuhr and, on the accession of the Nazis to power, was asked to leave Germany. He is now in New York where some part of the present work was written.

What is it about? Its apparent subject is the interpretation of history, and it is divided into four parts. The first is semi-biographical, in which Professor Tillich develops what he calls his boundary position. Spiritually and intellectually, it appears, his feet have remained divided; always one has been in each of two camps, never two in either. He is between city and country; theology and philosophy; Lutheranism and Socialism; Idealism and Marxism; Church and Society. The second part is devoted to metaphysics and is dominated by the Hegelian Dialectical method, which confronts us perpetually with pairs of opposing principles. In the third part, called " Political Categories," the author deals with the problem of power in human communities, to which he again attributes a twofold dialectical source, identifying it with human existence on the one hand and what he calls political consciousness on the other. In the fourth part, " Theological Category," Professor Tillich deals with such matters as Fulfilment and Decision, and History and Salvation. It abounds in remarks such as:

> The centre of history is acknowledged as a centre in an attitude in which there is decision as well as fate, grasping it as well as being

Testimonial!

'I used to catch one cold after another; but ever since I started smoking Greys I've had just the one cold.'

No — you can't see the original of this testimonial, because it was accidentally used to light our last cigarette. So we will merely ask you to believe that Greys are very good cigarettes — a point which you can easily test for yourself.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

Footnote. — Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do a smoker no harm. The trouble is that, judging by what one reads, there is hardly such a thing as an ordinary cigarette . . . except Greys.

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grasped by it. Thus it follows, that the centre for human consciousness always lies in the past.

The object of this part is to show that history is the history of human salvation, or rather that, if it is not, then it is meaningless.

Finding Professor Tillich's account of history, whether meaningful or meaningless, beyond me, I will try briefly to summarise the more metaphysical part of his book. This apparently arbitrary procedure receives some justification from the fact that the four parts stand, so far as I can see, in no organic relation to each other, being in fact four separate dissertations.

Professor Tillich's metaphysics turn on the conception of Demonry and the opposition which he stresses between what he calls Kairos and Logos. I select the intriguing theme of Demonry. Its conception is dialectical. God is pure being; Satan pure destruction and nothingness. Within the folds of the concept of demonry the two meet and conflict. Demonry is described as a creative force of a most volcanic type. It is the subconscious self as it erupts into our conscious personality, bringing with it energy, enthusiasm, and creative power. In the community it expresses itself in outbreaks of irrational fanaticism, and in individuals it appears as the will to power. In religion it stands for the war gods, for Moloch and for Dostoievsky's Grand Inquisitor; in art for the dark, creative force of the primitive. But always the demonic carries within itself the seeds of destruction which bring to nought its creativity. Thus, the demonic is capable of fitting into form, yet, because it is the negation of form, it fits only in order that it may break the confining mould of form into which it has entered, by breaking which it compasses also its own destruction. *Vers libre*, Surrealism and Expressionism would, I think, all be recognised by Professor Tillich as examples of the creativity which breaks bounds only to destroy itself. The outstanding demonries of to-day are surprisingly identified with the capitalist economic system and the worship-exacting Nation-State. For one of the symptoms of demonry is the subordination of the spirit to the letter, the substance to the form. They continue to cleave to our system of capitalist economics although it fails to deliver the economic goods; we serve the State, although we made the State to serve us. Yet the dialectical opposition which is latent in all demonry suggests that these two demonries, Nationalism and Capitalism, are incompatible, and that in the long run one will resist and destroy the other. I am sure I hope so, for, as Professor Tillich says, "there is no way which could be invented to overcome the demonries, spiritual and social;" at least there is no way which the intellect can discover, for "demonry breaks down only before divinity." Therefore, we must have faith. If faith be the power of believing what we do not understand, then to have it is, maybe for the reader of Professor Tillich's book, not so difficult as is sometimes supposed.

C. E. M. JOAD

ROSE MACAULAY

I Would Be Private

"This brilliant novel. A gem of a book"
—R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"Excessively witty"
—SPECTATOR

COLLINS

FIRE, FIRE . . .

War on Great Cities. By FRANK MORISON. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Peril from the Air. By SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL. *Hutchinson.* 1*s.*

Now that the pursuit of collective security has passed from the Foreign Secretary to the Home Secretary, books about the droppings of aeroplanes have an explosive topicality. I found myself handling the grisly dust cover of Mr. Morison's book as gingerly as one handles a bomb which one hopes is a dud. What sort of a raid, I asked myself, will this fellow make on my meagre store of optimism and detachment? Is he going to force a hysterical breach in my wall of reason and let in the floods of imagination? Or does he merely mean to warn me calmly of what is coming and leave it to me to take, if I can, the final step of saying, not "this is a pretty poor look-out for the other fellow" but "this is coming to *me*"?

Well, Mr. Morison's grisliness is only cover-deep. He has had the perfectly reasonable notion of holding a mirror up to us, as we look forward from 1937, at such an angle that we see in it nothing but certain events of 1915–18. There may not be many discernible differences between the prospect of 1914 and that of 1937, but Mr. Morison has discovered at least one. If a mirror like this had been held up to the seer of 1914 he would have seen nothing in it that would urge him to dig a hole 20 feet deep in his garden, supposing he had one; but there are shapes in the mirror of 1937 which may send his thoughts scuttling underground. Not that Mr. Morison exhorts us to holes in the ground. That is Sir Malcolm Campbell's province. Mr. Morison merely works hard to remove distortion from his mirror, gives it a precise polish, points out the more pregnant features of its miniature display, and leaves us looking. It is surely enough.

There is for the hard-pressed human mind a kind of safety in number, if not in numbers, and it is just as well that Mr. Morison approaches his survey of the air raids on London in a scientific and statistical mood. The method of the statistician is bloodless even if his material is murder, and by reducing these murders to neat tables of damage in mutilation, death, and pounds sterling, he removes some of the mental detonation of his bombs and enables the reader to approach the scene without taking cover. There is a parallel advantage (though I rather doubt its historical justification) in arguing, as Mr. Morison does, that the erratic course of the German attempts on London was in reality a preliminary essay, scientifically controlled, in the power of two distinct weapons, the explosive bomb to destroy intensively by mutilation, the incendiary bomb extensively by fire, and the combination by the terror of panic and civil disruption. Mr. Morison sees the raids on London as a Fire Plan that failed. If there was a plan, his tables prove that it failed, for of 354 incendiary bombs only 15 caused injuries, while of 567 explosives, 228 caused injuries. The other side of Mr. Morison's evidence is his exhaustive collection of photographs of raid damage, and his stories of personal tragedies. These might be expected to smear his tidy tables and diagrams with blood and terror, but I can only record that for me they did not do so. He shows me people gaping at great holes in the street, a clock in a pub stopped at the voice of a bomb, an infant's school in ruins, the empty bowels of houses; he tells me what happened to certain people in a certain house of a certain road in a London suburb; he tells me this over and over again; but I will not let the pulped limbs, the spurting blood, the cries and the anguish, reach me. This is perhaps the ultimate defence against air raids, the real basis of civilian morale.

When Mr. Morison removes his mirror, how much are we justified in enlarging what it shows us? The evidence of recent increases in the number, range, speed and carrying capacity of bombers is overwhelming. If we assume that a potential enemy will stop at nothing and will not be stopped, we inevitably arrive at a conclusion which seems too bad to be true. It probably is

too bad to be true, but by how much the inferno may be reduced on the assumptions (*a*) that the aggressor will not do all he can; (*b*) that the active defence will lame him, and (*c*) that the passive defence will cheat him of his victims, is entirely conjectural. If the complicated moral-politico-technical argument is pursued in detail, it will, I think, be found that every alleviating factor is posed by a strong query. Mr. Morison has his own reduction factors. There is, of course, no gas in his mirror, and he banishes it from his prediction on the plea that everyone will try hard not to be the first to use it on civilians; which would be plausible enough were it not equally true that everyone will be trying for a quick and smashing decision. Mr. Morison emerges from his analysis with a gloomy eye on fire. His particular chamber of horrors is a daylight raid in which a densely populated area is burnt out by incendiary bombs after its main entrances have been closed to incoming fire brigades and outgoing refugees by a neat preliminary dose of high explosive. He therefore makes a strong plea that London's traffic should be reorganised and its fire-fighting system vastly strengthened in such a way that the river, the underground approaches to the City, and the tube system itself should be free for maximum concentration of fire-fighters upon a burning area. He points out quietly what a single bomb could do to the executive egg-basket of Whitehall, and ends, throwing statistics to the wind, thus:

> It is time that the searing word was spoken and the responsibility for this folly placed upon the right shoulders which are ultimately our own. In the last analysis this is a moral issue, and the real challenge is not to politicians or dictators, but to the individual conscience of us all. Posterity will say of us that, despite the brilliant achievements of our age, we remained bunglers and barbarians at heart. We were the heirs of all the ages; yet we summoned from the ether a power which we had neither the wit nor the moral fibre to control.

Such jeremiads are not at all in Sir Malcolm Campbell's line. He is, he says, all for peace; but men (and particularly Germans) being what they are, let us stop this pacifist League nonsense before it is too late to hold what we have. An odd nought or two on the end of an armament bill does not worry Sir Malcolm. What worries him is that dictators, with all their faults, are much handier at putting their people to ground than are our governors. We don't seem to have started. Why not, then, undermine London with a series of magnificent car parks, which at least would be useful, before and after, for parking cars? And if this is too costly and too late, then it is the duty of every householder who can to dig himself in. Sir Malcolm, although he lives in the country, has already set us a good example:

> What I have got is rather more than two feet of reinforced concrete, which is again reinforced with strong girders. There is eight or nine feet of earth on top, then a layer of armour plate and five more feet of earth and rubble. I went 12 feet down into the ground, which is gravel and therefore well drained. There are two compartments, all the walls, including the dividing partition, are of two feet thick concrete . . .

He does not say what is to be done by Londoners whose total domicile is no bigger than his own dug-out, but he exhorts the authorities, in capital letters of tremendous generality, to get down to concrete tacks.

To Sir Malcolm, many things are quite "unthinkable," notably the idea that we should give up colonial territory to anyone. Many more are just unthought, as, for example, the meanings of the words Bolshevism and Communism which wink across his pages like unintelligible red lights. I finished his discourse with one musing eye on the Gadarene swine. And particularly on a plump, rather attractive, and uncertain old porker who has allowed the herd to get ahead of him while he regretfully sniffs the happy upper pastures, thinking there might be rootage there for all. No, no, he snorts, nosing his fat flanks, what we have we hold, if need be at the bottom of the sea; and trots downhill after the rest.

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THE PICTURESQUE

Bandits in a Landscape. By W. GAUNT. *The Studio.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gaunt has written an agreeable book about a number of romantic painters: Caravaggio, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Magnasco, Guardi, Joseph Vernet, Richard Wilson, Monsù Desiderio, Piranesi, Pannini, Ghisolfi, Hubert Robert, Léopold Robert, Géricault and Delacroix. There are forty photographic illustrations, and as many illuminating or entertaining anecdotes. Too

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ONE SHILLING ONE SHILLING

MARCH CONTENTS
include

Original Drawings by
BERNARD SHAW
and his letters to John Farleigh

Mr. Shaw here appears as artist as well as writer. In the 14 pages of letters and sketches included in this number he freely discusses with John Farleigh the illustrations for "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God," making his points with black-and-white and coloured drawings, reproduced here in line and photogravure.

SPANISH PROFILE
by George L. Steer

is a graphic description of the scene around Madrid and of life at the insurgents' headquarters.

BUTLER IN NEW ZEALAND

Mr. Donald Cowie writes on the little-known subject of Samuel Butler's life in New Zealand, reproducing a long letter from Butler recently discovered in the back files of a New Zealand paper. A water-colour drawing of Butler's mountain home painted by himself, is also reproduced in photogravure.

A SOUL'S DILEMMA
by Henry W. Nevinson

A fantasy describing what happened to Nevinson when he appeared before his judges after death.

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much of the text is, however, devoted to elaborate prose-pictures, in which the author seeks to translate into language what the painters have described or suggested in pigment. Though these passages often contain very felicitous phrases, such writing is rarely successful, even in the hands of *virtuosi*. And one cannot but wish that Mr. Gaunt had diverted his energy to a more thorough and profound examination of the taste for the picturesque. The fascination of ruins, for instance, is apparent in painters much earlier than Caravaggio—Carpaccio, for instance, and Filipino Lippi would have been worth study, and even more so the school of Cranach, in whose pictures the "tattery" effects so dear to Salvator, Magnasco and Guardi are for the first time exploited. But contributions to the history of taste are so regrettably rare that any serious writer who explores these regions deserves encouragement. Mr. Gaunt possesses both enthusiasm and sensibility, so that one hopes *Bandits in a Landscape* is only the first of a series of studies in the relation between art and feeling. R. M.

NEW NOVELS

Hunt the Slipper. By VIOLET TREFUSIS. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Wind My Posthorse. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
One Life One Kopeck. By WALTER DURANTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
People Are Fascinating. By SALLY BENSON. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Olive E. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Porch. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Absalom, Absalom. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Devil Take the Hindmost. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Secker and Warburg.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

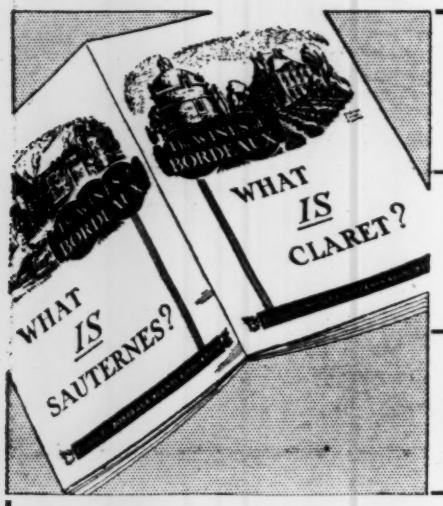
Hunt the Slipper is the work of a lady who also writes novels in French. It belongs to the *feux* and *voeux* school. There are three main characters and one seduction. The husband is cultured and born middle-aged. The lover is middle-aged, cultured, fond of women, and very sensitive. The wife is warm-hearted, young, beautiful, and becomes cultured. Nobody earns a living and the world of crowds and objects hardly ever interferes with the development of emotions. It is all rather a skilfully played game of billiards. Mrs. Trefusis includes very few of the things Racine left out, and a reference to the *Pays du Tendre* of Madeleine de Scudéry is not at all surprising. This is a charming novel, indeed a brilliant novel—but one puts it down thinking what extremely odd things novels are. Mrs. Trefusis squanders her epigrams. In the theatre they would receive the appreciation they deserve. "His love was dependent on jealousy as an organ-grinder is dependent on his barrel-organ." "What I like about Tom is that he looks like a ploughed field." "From twenty to thirty, gusts and gales; from thirty to forty, lusts and males; from forty to fifty, busts and veils."

The Wind My Posthorse is a book for the circulating libraries. It is cheerful, frivolous reading, boneless, harmless and witty. The moral is that people are'nt as naughty as they seem, and most nice girls want husbands but it is only the lucky girls who get nice young ones because nice young ones have no money mostly. The plot is that a dramatist, a novelist, a literary agent, a journalist and a publisher all try to get her story out of an old lady with an undeservedly scandalous reputation, but she sells it to the Purity Press. Miss Goolden at her best is very pleasantly acidulated. She knows the book market very well. But she has chosen to ignore the fact that the ladies of the libraries cannot bear satire, and can detect the wrong sort of fun in no time.

One Life One Kopeck is a novel about the Russian revolution by a distinguished American Moscow correspondent. It provides a wide panorama of life in Russia before and during the revolution, has plenty of love interest and a rattling good plot, and appears to be free from deviations. Ivan the hero is born in poverty, suckled by a sow, educated with his young master and then unjustly sent to Siberia. He reads *Das Kapital* at sixteen, murders the commandant of the settlement who tried seducing him and escapes to Russia. He becomes a Communist, spends time in the army, forms a Soviet in a factory, and returns to a Soviet army. He is seduced at regular intervals throughout the book by various women, but really loves Nina, his first master's daughter. She is, however, reactionary, and even when she is his mistress wishes that they were staying at the Savoy, and dislikes Bolsheviks. This unfortunate state of affairs is solved in the last chapter. They are both killed because she happens to be about when he is blowing up the White Army headquarters. The revolution continues. Ivan is as strong as a bull and kills lots of villains with his fists. After reading *One Life One Kopeck* one sees that a little revolutionary politics mixes with cheap sex-stuff in tenth-rate fiction just as pleasantly as piety used to. This book reminded me of the works of Robert Keable, the author of *Simon Called Peter*; and, while it should be a great success among the half-baked, is quite unworthy of its author.

People Are Fascinating is a collection of short stories. The library ladies won't like it because none of the stories is any use as a ready-made day dream, and every one of them introduces a new collection of real and unromantic people. There is not much point in comparing Miss Benson with anyone else because her work is something new. She *is* brilliantly malicious, astonishingly economical as a writer and unusually guiltless of intellectual clichés, but that doesn't describe her work. Her characters are nearly all ordinary middle-class Americans, and one might complain that the range of emotions she deals with is narrow, but everybody in *People Are Fascinating* seems to have been drawn with the eye on the object. Miss Benson is a superb natural historian. She is also an artist with an austere sense of form and quoting her would be rather like cutting a square inch from a Daumier and exhibiting it as a sample of his work.

Olive E., like so much of the serious writing being done to-day in England, is apocalyptic. Mr. Kitchin has written a queer book about a sensitive but not over-intelligent girl of suburban, petit bourgeois upbringing who becomes secretary to an eccentric rich man whose work and life end with the coming of a war. The book has two main themes—the opinions of the girl's employer and the emotions of the girl. The employer is a sort of liberal anarchist who prefers individualism to organisation. He is a failure. The girl falls in love with a middle-aged cultured friend of his—this is Seduction Week for novelists—but he wearies of her when she ceases to be vulgar and she marries a dull fellow with a dog whip. *Olive E.* is an uneven study in frustration. The opinions of the employer are kept somewhat muddy—being generally seen through the mind of the girl, and her emotions are curiously clouded with minor fatalisms. This novel would be a good choice for the new "Right Book Club," for it is a statement of the dangers which culture sees in Socialism. Unluckily Mr. Kitchin



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does not quite succeed in opening our eyes to the beauty of the lives lived by the idle rich.

The Porch is an accomplished piece of work in the Galsworthy tradition. Mr. Church has described the lives of two young men in the lower ranks of the Civil Service. The younger of them, John Quickshott, is at first ambitious in a day-dreaming kind of way and then slowly finds himself through contact with his fellow workers—in particular Mouncer, a consumptive young poet. Mr. Church is an admirable descriptive writer. He holds the balance of temperament, environment and accident justly. The people around John Quickshott are in perfect perspective. It is hard not to think of *The Porch* in terms of painting. Mr. Church is an exact, affectionate, fastidious painter. Work like his may seem leisurely and out of fashion in these nervous times, but although *The Porch* has nothing in it which will make the reader cry out " Yes, I agree," the quality of the writing will make him say " Yes, that is true."

Life is short, and *Absalom, Absalom* is very long. Even Mr. Faulkner's sentences are longer than anyone else's. He includes everything that Racine left out. Without using the technique of James Joyce he attempts the same all-inclusiveness. If he wrote as well as Joyce or gave evidence of a similar quality of mind the difficulty experienced in reading him might be forgivable. Unfortunately he heaps up images interminably only to produce a slag tip. Here is one of his exercises in definition.

> He planted the seed which brought her to flower—the white blood to give the shape and pigment of what the white man calls female beauty, to a female principle which existed, queenly and complete, in the hot equatorial groin of the world long before that white one of ours came down from trees and lost its hair and bleached out—a principle apt docile and instinct with strange and ancient curious pleasures of the flesh (which is all: there is nothing else) which her white sisters of a mushroom yesterday flee from in moral and outraged horror—a principle which, where her white sister must needs try to make an economic matter of it like someone who insists upon installing a counter or a scales or a safe in a store or business for a certain percentage of the profits, reigns, wise supine and all-powerful, from the sunless and silken bed which is her throne."

He has made it extremely easy to be unfair to him. *Absalom, Absalom* is a very obscure revelation of power.

Devil Take the Hindmost is clear and forceful. The hero, David Bortoft, is the son of a millowner. Physically and mentally powerful, he begins in business with small trickery and bluff, grows rich during the war, partly by accident, joins with his friend Keith in smashing every other powerful individual in his home town, and is in complete control of the town when the slump comes. Throughout his rise he is forced up against most of the vital elements in the structure of society. His personal concentration on the mill town of Stockton finally breaks down, and while he attempts to raise capital to produce a free newspaper which might save England, his friend Keith finances a chain of dictatorships, undermines Bortoft's position and breaks him.

Devil Take the Hindmost is a moving book and it has rare clarity—a nakedness of style. The story deals with political and social ideas without being fuddled in allegory. There is no heroic or pathetic symbolism. Mr. Tilsley may be a man with a doctrine but one feels that the novel was the only form in which he could state it. The structure of his novel is not propagandist—i.e., imposed from without—it is personal. I suspect Mr. Tilsley may develop into a great novelist.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

English Panorama. By THOMAS SHARP. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Books which protest against the contemporary devastation of town and countryside are generally more remarkable for sensibility than for sense. Here is a welcome exception: admirably illustrated, attractively produced, and very cheap, Mr. Sharp's essay is as sound and as clear as a bell. It should be read, not only by all those town councillors (if they can read at all) who now encourage the destruction of our few surviving relics of civilised architecture, but by the various bodies who make it their business to preserve and defend the English landscape. It is perhaps not the fault of these people that their influence is largely negative; that financial weakness puts them in the undignified position of a spectacled little boy imploring the school bully not to pour ink over his Tennyson. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if there are many among them who have thought out the fundamental problems of the functions and relationship of town and country as they were conceived in the eighteenth century, as they were so unfortunately perverted in the nineteenth and twentieth, and as they should be planned to accommodate the changing needs of the future. Not sentimentalism, but a realistic habit of mind, can successfully counter the grim realities of speculation and Big Business: and it is significant that there should be no societies for the preservation of *urban* amenities.

Having made easy hay of the absurd old tag about God making the country and man the town, Mr. Sharp proceeds to trace their parallel development. On the one hand, the Renaissance idea of the street attains its fullest civic realisation in the eighteenth century, only to be succeeded by the appalling consequences of the Industrial Revolution: the desire for quick profits, social irresponsibility and *laissez-faire* combining with the habit of mind engendered by the Romantic Revival to produce the squalor and chaos which is still with us. Meanwhile, the country advances from God-made primeval swamp and forest to " humanised " landscape: the indefensible enclosure of the common fields and that compulsory planting of hedgerows gave the English landscape its ordered, chequered beauty. How consciously this beauty was planned we may learn from Evelyn's *Sylva* (1664), and from the famous passage in which Horace Walpole, a century later, praises the landscape art of William Kent, recognising its pictorial inspiration in Claude and Salvator Rosa. In a sense the 18th century deserves our gratitude for its sins: their splendid architecture they could enjoy to the full themselves, but the modern rural scene (largely their own creation) reached its maturity, in Mr. Sharp's opinion, only by the middle and end of the last century. Since then it has entered upon a period of decline, due partly to neglect but principally, of course, to the incursions of sprawling suburbia. It is in his analysis of this major problem of our time that Mr. Sharp is most valuable.

The horror of the Victorian town ultimately killed the social idea of urban life: the town became no longer a place in which one lived, but a place in which one worked and from which one escaped. Naturally it was impossible to escape far enough; and so we find the fearful conception of " Town-Country " enthusiastically advocated by Ebenezer Howard in *To-morrow*, 1898 " Town and Country *must be married*, and out of their joyous

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union will spring a new hope, a new life, a new civilisation "), and echoed by—of all people—H. G. Wells in *Anticipations*, 1900 (" the old antithesis will indeed cease, the boundary lines will altogether disappear : it will become indeed merely a question of more or less population ").

Well, we are nearly there now. So nearly that it is unnecessary to discuss the situation from any other point of view than that which hopes and intends to abolish the whole dreary conception. What has Mr. Sharp to suggest? Vastly increased central control, of course, over speculator and builder; but also, directing and supporting this, a revived sense of social responsibility coupled with the frank realisation that town and country are separate things, each with their own virtues and place in the national life. No more romantically " escapist " suburbs; no more garden cities either. " The town is far more than a material and economic fact. It is also an atmosphere, an attitude of mind. . . . We can only build the good town when we believe again in its possibility." Such towns " will have to be planned genuinely and in all their vital detail by creative planners working locally upon a background determined under a scheme of national development." Their size must be limited; the immense size of modern towns leads inevitably to escapism since it cuts off their inhabitants completely from the country. Neither in town nor country building will a sterile imitation of the past be tolerated. Compact, attractive cities and the abandonment of suburbanism will go far to save the countryside; only the old country mansions beautifully set in their parks remain an insoluble problem in a new world outgrowing the social conditions which produced them. Can we bear to lose these houses which are among the greatest glories of the English genius? Mr. Sharp apparently can, and conjectures that, in order to save the fine old demesnes from demolition, great blocks of flats housing a thousand people must be allowed to spring from the ashes of the Georgian mansions. Perhaps they must, perhaps they must. But it may be that the gradual extension of popular taste from Gothic cathedrals, moated castles and quaint cottages towards the architectural triumphs of a later day will get there just in time to save them from the fate of the Adelphi.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SHORTER NOTICES

London Mercury, March 1937. 1s.

The *Mercury* publishes this month an article by Mr. John Farleigh on his correspondence with Shaw over the illustrations of *The Black Girl*. Many people who paid their half-crowns for that charming work of collaboration must have wondered just how it was done. We are shown that now; Shaw's letters and drawings are reproduced, and they are a delightful revelation. Without overruling his artist, he made him do just what was wanted; his suggestions were always detailed and to the point and in nearly every case they were accepted by Mr. Farleigh. Shaw took a great deal of trouble not only to get the illustrations right, but to avoid awkward pages, on one page even writing in twenty lines at the last moment to make it look better. This number of the *Mercury* contains also an article on Samuel Butler in New Zealand (including a long unpublished letter), a fantasy by H. W. Nevinson, and poems by Edwin Muir and Louis MacNeice.

My Way of Faith. By M. D. PETRE. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

Miss Petre is the last of the Catholic Modernists. Tyrrell (to whom she showed so noble a devotion), von Hügel, and Brémond are dead; Soisy is no longer in sympathy with any form of ecclesiasticism. The Modernist movement now seems a gallant but almost ridiculously hopeless attempt to change the whole nature of the Catholic Church. Her lay condition has, we believe, preserved Miss Petre, as it has preserved von Hügel, from excommunication, but she refuses to believe " that the Saints could rejoice in heaven if their former fellow-beings were dwelling in everlasting torment." (Was it not Brémond who, when asked if he believed in the existence of Hell, answered " Yes : but I do not believe there is anyone in it."?) Miss Petre is an *anima naturaliter Christiana*, and this book of memories and convictions commands the reader's sympathy and respect. She describes herself as thinking like a man and feeling like a woman. She shows that the Catholic Church, the rigidity and harshness of whose officers have caused her untold suffering, is in a different category from the Totalitarian State, because of its insistence on the paramount importance of each individual. And *à propos* of the glorification in the U.S.S.R. of persecution, she recalls her Catholic childhood : " We were not brought up to admire the acts of the Inquisition, but only to excuse them as best we could." But with the economic ideality of communism she has great sympathy—she was herself the head of a religious community where a private communism was practised—and she quotes with dismay a *Motu Proprio* in which Pius X declared that it was of Divine order that there should be rich and poor, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians. *My Way of Faith* is a distinguished book, the dignified defence of a lost cause and an impossible loyalty, and reading it one feels that the rejection, almost inevitable as it was, of Modernism closed the road to a new possibility in human progress, governed by a religion in which Faith and Science, love and progress, could truly harmonise.

About Motoring

THE SUPER COP

EVER since motorists first qualified for police supervision, the authorities have found themselves in a cleft stick. A few road offences admit of precise definition in terms of unmistakable fact. It is obviously an offence to drive after dark without lamps; or to hug the wrong side of the road; or to be tipsy at the wheel (though even tipsiness is hard to define); or to drive with a fairy seated on one's knee. But such offences are so rare that they almost cease to be material; certainly, they make no substantial contribution to the annual tale of accidents. Hence, ever since the far-off days of Sergeant Jarrett and the Ripley Road, harried police authorities have been reluctantly compelled to base their disciplinary measures mainly on the speed limit, which—successively and arbitrarily rated at 4, 12, 20, and now 30 m.p.h.—has always been a godsend to them. It is not, in fact, particularly easy to satisfy any court in the teeth of expert and professional defence that a motorist was actually exceeding the speed limit on a given occasion; but this task is far simpler than that of establishing an accusation of dangerous driving in which no arbitrarily selected speed is concerned. The task is usually simplified by the fact that the defendant takes the charge lying down; he does not charter a barrister to riddle the evidence, nor produce expert time-keepers to prove that the evidence of speed is flimsy. He pays his guinea meekly, and drives more warily in future. Prolonged experience of the latest speed limit has now brought two unpleasant facts into the limelight. Fact No. 1 is that, whether the speed limit has had any safeguarding effect or not, it certainly fails to reduce the tale of casualties to tolerable dimensions. Fact No. 2 is that gonging motorists for exceeding 30 m.p.h. in built-up areas is spoiling all chance of rational co-operation between motorists and the police. The general body of motorists are beginning to regard the police much as a schoolboy regards a new headmaster who imposes appreciable penalties for slouching about with the hands in the pockets, but proves himself quite inefficient at coping with bullying, cribbing, and grave moral offences.

So 1937 opens with a new campaign. The authorities admit that no good purpose is served by harrying motorists for fractional defiance of the speed limit in circumstances where no danger is created. They propose to subject the speed patrols to intensive training, planned to educate the men into identifying dangerous driving irrespective of any arbitrary speed limit. The patrol men themselves regard this innovation with very mixed feelings. They have long laboured between the devil and the deep sea. Their immediate bosses have instructed them to tighten their control of traffic. In practice they find it easy to nab us for 35 m.p.h. They have only to catch us unawares with the aid of a police car, equipped with a certified speedometer, to take station astern of us for a modest distance, to gong us, and to swear to the facts in court. This procedure annoys us, but fails to cut down the statistics of injury and death. Simultaneously, they often sight one of the wilder or stupider motorists perpetrating some genuinely serious road offence, such as cutting in, negotiating a blind corner much too fast, overtaking on the wrong side, driving too far out from the kerb, shaving other road users, turning without signalling, and the like. Where such conduct leads to an actual crash, conviction is seldom difficult. Bent cars and damaged bodies are concrete facts; and these concrete facts, considered in conjunction with sworn eye-witness opinion, reinforced from the inevitable crowd, will usually convince the bench. But if no accident occurs, the police witnesses always encounter trouble with such cases. Independent civilian evidence is seldom available. It is next to impossible to collect civilian corroboration; after all, it implies stopping one or two cars in the stream, the occupants of which may not have noticed the misconduct, may be hostile to the police, may shrink from publicity, or may dislike the sacrifice of time involved in attending court. The case is based on pure opinion. A couple of police in the patrol car take one view of the matter; the people in the culprit vehicle take the opposite

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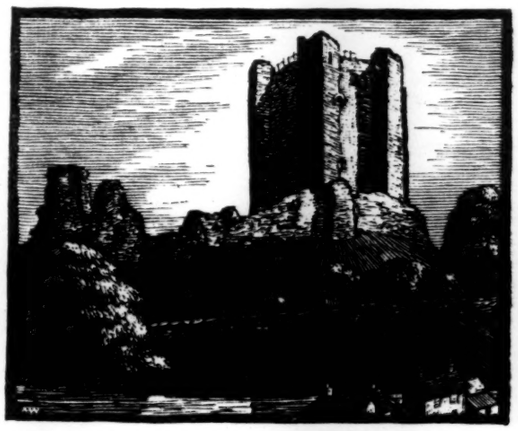

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HALIFAX

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THE LATEST ANNUAL FIGURES

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £114,000,000

Extracts from the 84th Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax on Monday, March 22nd, 1937.

MORTGAGES During the year the sum of £20,488,752 was advanced upon new mortgages, granted mainly upon security of dwellinghouses acquired by members for their own occupation. The total sum due upon mortgages increased during the year by £6,253,660, and now stands at £92,195,988, the average amount owing on all the Society's mortgages being only £407 each.

The mortgage accounts are in a very satisfactory condition, and there are no properties in the possession of the Society at the end of the year to be reported in the statutory schedule and no properties in possession of Receivers on behalf of the Society as Mortgagees.

LIQUID ASSETS The surplus funds of the Society, invested in short dated Trustee Securities, have been maintained, and together with Cash at Banks and in hand, amount to £21,397,721.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS The Share and Deposit Funds increased during the year by £2,984,317 and £2,947,224 respectively, and the total funds of Investing Shareholders and Depositors now stand at £109,306,258.

TOTAL ASSETS The total Assets of the Society now amount to £114,327,576, an increase of £6,240,109.

ACCOUNTS The new accounts opened during the year numbered 86,751, and the total number of accounts open at the end of the year was 682,615, being an increase of 23,106 accounts.

PROFITS The balance of profit for the year, after payment of expenses and provision for income tax and all interest due to Depositors up to the date of the accounts, and for depreciation of office properties, amounted to £2,904,665, out of which appropriations have been made to shareholders of interest and bonus £2,432,197; to Staff Superannuation Fund £50,000; and to Reserve Accounts £411,419.

RESERVE FUNDS The total Reserve Funds and Undivided Profit now amount to £4,667,342.

The Directors heartily congratulate the Members on the Society's continued progress and prosperity, and the strong financial position disclosed in the Statement of Accounts.

Copy of New Balance Sheet free on application.

ENOCH HILL, *President & Managing Director*
D. W. SMITH, *Deputy General Manager*

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view; no concrete disaster has occurred; and the magistrates usually dismiss such cases. This is why the unhappy police concentrate so largely on the 35 m.p.h. cases.

We are now informed that a new policy is to be adopted. The patrols are to be "trained in judgment." A new race of super cops is to make its debut in the near future, and when these men appear in the witness-box, it is presumed that the court will take their evidence very seriously indeed, and that a large crop of convictions will result. The general effect is forecast as a very considerable damping down of motoring exuberance.

Motorists in general view the innovation with misgiving. In the average police court the magistrates normally evince a definite bias in favour of the police witnesses. In such an atmosphere cases which pivot on personal judgment are extraordinarily likely to take a wrong twist. It is probable that motorists will organise measures of protection through their associations, and that such cases will be defended by professional advocates, so that the police will soon cease to issue summonses, and the measure will defeat itself. In any case the existing deplorable relationship between motorists and the police will further deteriorate. Should the present policy of exploiting every conceivable petty technical offence (as sounding a horn accidentally at night, failure to achieve a complete wheel stoppage at "Halt" signs, and the like) be maintained in addition to the new supervision, a royal row will develop in the near future.

There are, of course, alternatives. So far as speed is concerned, every car carries a speedometer. Many cars show a green or red or orange light on the dash when 30 m.p.h. is exceeded (a few even sound a buzzer when 30 m.p.h. is exceeded). It would neither be difficult nor expensive to compel all cars delivered after a certain date to exhibit illuminated opal figures on the stern panel, announcing their actual speed at all times. This would admit sworn evidence of speed by outside witnesses in all "dangerous driving" cases, and handicap equally vexatious prosecutions and dishonest defences. Better still would be the use of the super patrols to send postal warnings in lieu of summonses to dangerous drivers. Such warnings would be filed in the car's dossier; and the local superintendent could draw the attention of an owner to the fact that his car had received three "warnings" in as many months. The owner might even be forced to attend the local court, and be reprimanded by the magistrates; after all, a good driver is hardly likely to be reported three times in quick succession. Should an owner with a long string of warnings be involved in an accident, his record would deservedly count against him. This system would exert a salutary effect alike on the expert but reckless and brutal driver, and on the stupid and inexperienced owner. Both would be moved to "mind their step." R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 364

Set by T. W. Earp

Lately a witness speaking of "the flu" was reproved by a magistrate, while a judge did not know the meaning of "sez you." The usual prizes are offered for the best expression of ignorance, rebuke or mistranslation from the bench of a colloquialism, tendered in evidence. The limit should be 150 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 12th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 362

Set by Hamish Miles

An eavesdropping visitor to *either* the National Gallery *or* the British Museum finds that the conducted party beside him is being taken round by a "cinema magazine" commentator. The usual prizes (two guineas and half a guinea) are offered for the most excruciating sample of his commentary (not over 300 words).

Report by Hamish Miles

When I set this competition it didn't occur to me how excruciating it would be to have to read the entries, in daylight, solitude, and cold blood. Competitors worked off years of suppressed fury, and produced the most hideously exact parodies of that jocose and unctuous vulgarity from which they had so obviously suffered. The refinements of fatuity were extreme, and some contrived by italics to catch the zany intonation of the originals. One of the best in this way was Richard Pomfret, whose exposition of the Turner Room would have had a prize if he had not gone beyond the space-limit in order to achieve one last transition-pun:

> . . . still, it's a long lane that has no *Turnering*. Oh-ho! What's *this*? . . . "Crossing the Brook," hey? And who *wouldn't* with two such damsels for company! *There's* a lucky dog for you —Bow-wow! Steady, Rover! You're in still waters, but they may run deep. Watch your step, doggie, or maybe it's "Double crossing the Brook" for you!
>
> And who's *this* doing a hefty spot of double-crossing? Bless us if it's not old "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus"—*and* on a nice sunny morning, too! What that boy would be doing to Polyphemus on a wet Saturday night would probably call for an inquest! If those two don't *turner* over a new leaf and shake hands there'll be a job for the police—which naturally brings us to *Constables!* Well, folks, Constable was . . .

It would make the blood run cold to quote more commendations this week. But I would highly commend (if that is the word) the entries from D. Willoughby, Towanbucket, D. W. Barker, E. L. Bedwell, Michael Warwick, W. L. Nicholls, Fek, and Thomas Bodkin. And the prizes, I think, should go to Frank Adams and Arnold Hyde.

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Passing from *bergers* to Bergères we come to the famous picture by Manet. . . . Have this one on me, little girl—if you don't like strangers. *Oo-oo*, look at those golden labels—is anyone feeling thirsty here? What's going on behind the counter, anyway? It certainly seems a rum-bar to me. Ouch!

So much for the thirst picture—sorry, first—it's so realistic it dries up the tongue. Next we have a landscape by Cézanne. Yes, sez me. This is one of the few pictures old man Cézanne didn't hang up in disgust to dry on a tree—he had a *very* sensitive palette, especially no doubt when Madame Cézanne was boiling over something. Perhaps he had so many colourful scenes with her that he never used more than two or three tubes of paint.

Not so Monsieur Delacroix. He seems to have thrown his paint about. He took thirteen years to paint this lady's dress. That's one way of getting your own back for the time you wait for a lady to finish dressing.

This little lady hasn't started to dress at all. But it's all right, you're in an Art Gallery, so just keep on looking. Notice the subtle tones of the sky, the delicate texture of the grass, the way the brush-work— why, you aren't listening!

Now here's one by Monsieur Manet—did I say Monet?—of a bit of an execution. The old boy looks a bit blue, doesn't he? Maybe you would, if you had a moustache that size. Oh, pardon us, please— I believe he heard.

Now then, let's turn to Mr. Turner, who could turn a poached egg into a sunset whenever he wanted to. Don't laugh *too* loud, or they'll turn us out. Right, this way please. FRANK ADAMS

Among the literary autographs and manuscripts in the British Museum

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, this week we shall learn something about those wonderful books Aunt Martha is always telling us to read. Well, well, whose writing is this? Grandpa *will* have to put on his spectacles to read *this* writing! It's Emily Brontë! Yes, but that tiny hand is not how Emily *usually* wrote; the explanation below shows that this is a *feigned* hand. *Shakespeare* said that "most friendship is feigning"—but anyway, *this* little lady was not writing to her boy friend!! *She* preferred writing her *novels* this way!!

But *here's* a queer signature!—looks rather like a concertina to me. But concertinas were nothing in *this* fine gentleman's line! This is the famous, or—as some people say—infamous, Duke of Monmouth. He is writing to the Queen Dowager asking her to persuade James to spare his life. History books say he was a coward—and if *you* think so—well, just try to imagine yourself in *his* place!!!

Charles Dickens! *This* famous novelist needs no introduction. Mutual Friends!! It looks rather as if Charles changed his mind about a good many things if *this* untidy page is anything to go by; but what are all these lines under his remarkable signature?—All-out Twist, *I* should say!!!

(*Exhibit: Thackeray's letter to T. W. Gibbs on Swift and Sterne*)

Now here is *just* the kind of letter you've been wanting to write to your Income Tax Collector! But income tax was not W. M. Thackeray's concern—he's very sore about two writers who lived long before he was born, and my word!—isn't he telling Mr. Gibbs about it!!!

If you ask *me* why he feels this way—well, it's more than *I* can guess . . . and so, for the present, I leave you . . . ARNOLD HYDE

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Summary of Directors' Report for the year ended 31st December, 1936.

Total Income for the year, **£12,957,804.**

Total Assets at end of the year, **£65,628,156.**

Total Claims Paid in the year, **£6,732,764.** The Company has paid **£103,054,088** in claims since its establishment.

The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1936 amounted to **£79,767,853** in the Ordinary Branch and **£109,971,021** in the Industrial Branch.

Reversionary Bonus of £1 - 16 - 0 per cent. declared on Ordinary Branch participating Policies.

Industrial Branch : £133,027 Profits allocated to certain classes of Policyholders.

J. WILCOCK HOLGATE, *Chairman.*

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 218.—NOPIL

By S. T. Shovelton

[Last week I had the pleasure of publishing a new A. G. Stripp problem. This week another old friend and collaborator offers a characteristic exercise.]

* * *

"Dear Caliban" (writes Mr. Shovelton), "Your regular solvers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have complained (rightly, I think) of your predilection for Soccer. Your sortie into Rugger drew querulous objections. Why, then, do you not, in accordance with your political principles, give us something on Individualistic lines? I suggest a problem on the Chinese game of Nopil as played in I-lï. The game is known as Chiâ-Tû in the more southern states and has come to us under the name of Spoof-ball. Nopil and Spoof-ball are similar in all essential details, even in the fact that the only ball which is used in the game is a small explosive bomb carried by the referee for use when attacked. I need not therefore describe Nopil other than to remind you that there are eight players who play seven rounds in the course of which each plays each other; that the player who first scores seven points wins his game (*pin* is the actual word used in China, the singular being *pi*); that nevertheless there is a time limit to the game, fixed with reference to the powers of endurance of the spectators, and this is only exceeded in any game if the two competitors have scored the same number of points, and then only until one of them scores another point. The contest which I saw at Pu-Pu was remarkable in that in the whole competition no two games resulted in identical scores and no competitor scored the same number of points as any other competitor in the same round. Chin-Hi played Szu in the first and Li-Lo in the second round; Pin-Hi played Li-Lo in the third and Sze in the fourth round and won his game against Szu by four points to one; Pak-Up played Li-Lo in the fourth, Sze in the fifth and Su-ch'wan in the sixth round; Sze won his game against Li-Lo by six points to two; Szu played Sze in the sixth and Su-ch'wan in the seventh round. The number of points scored by Pak-Up uniformly increased from round to round, but it was not until the last round that he won a game. Even so the number of points he scored was equal to the number scored against him.

"*What was the result of the match, finished in record time, in which Sze vanquished Su-ch'wan.*

"I'm sorry I've forgotten the name of the eighth competitor, but I don't think it would help you, even if I could remember it, to find the result of his game with Pak-Up."

PROBLEM 216.—THE VEGETARIAN LEAGUE

This problem, solved by the application of a chain of inferences, seems to have pleased competitors. It has attracted a large entry.

The following is my solution:

1st Round	Parsnips 1	Carrots 0
	Turnips 1	Broccoli 0
	Onions 1	Sprouts 0
2nd Round	Carrots 0	Sprouts 0
	Turnips 2	Parsnips 0
	Onions 1	Broccoli 0
3rd Round	Carrots 2	Broccoli 1
	Turnips 0	Onions 0
	Sprouts 0	Parsnips 0
4th Round	Carrots 3	Turnips 0
	Sprouts 0	Broccoli 0
	Onions 0	Parsnips 0
5th Round	Carrots 0	Onions 0
	Turnips 1	Sprouts 1
	Broccoli 1	Parsnips 0

There is a second solution for which I will also give points, though I do not think it quite so good. This conforms to all the data as regards goal distribution, but involves the Carrots in the successive scores 1—2, 0—0, 1—0, 3—0. Is 3—0 a better result than 1—0? I think within the ambit of my wording, it is, and the "cook" is admissible.

PROBLEM 215.—FAMILY BOOKMAKER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: S. T. Aston, Hillcroft, St. Bees, Cumberland. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

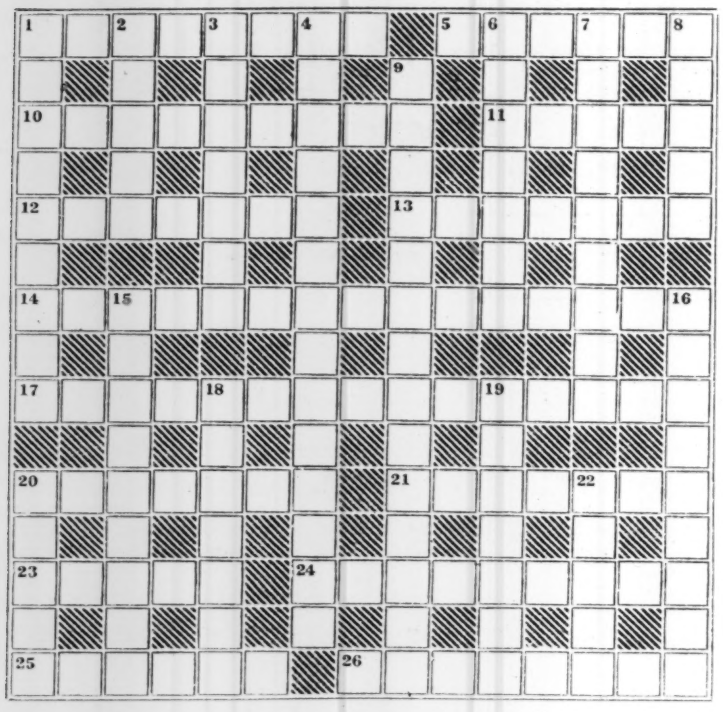
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 365

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Waters, Medfa, Kingston Hill, Surrey

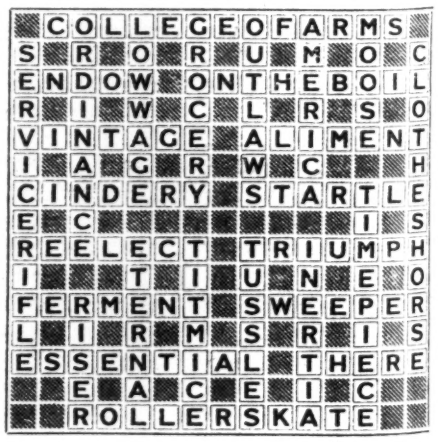
ACROSS

1. Secretes an old coin.
5. Good Lord! a plea for heavenly audience.
10. Unsavoury attribute of one who's reported sick.
11. You'll find the account in the book with this binding.
12. A Mohammedan summons is issued from here.
13. I took all back to the van.
14. Those concerned in such an unfortunate affair often go off the rails.
17. Highwayman's description of a risky monopoly.
20. How an overcoat gets threadbare.
21. There's that silly ass again, thinking he's got his weapon concealed.
23. A bored O.M. would give you a clue to this.
24. A situation for the Scout's sister?
25. Took a coat off and barked.
26. Pouters get it in advance.

DOWN

1. Mesmer hid in this.
2. An ancient statesman almost gives a modern farewell.
3. Nowadays it gets plucked in the parlour.
4. Often has a put-up job at the week-end.
6. Part of the fun was to see the chef fending for himself.
7. Would he have a Chapter of Fielding?
8. Maybe a tonic for singers.
9. Is this where religious worship comes to a stop?
15. Legally this is inexcusable.
16. Green indication of which vegetable took first prize.
18. One can take but one bite at it.
19. Suggests that O.B.'s part in the play would be banned.
20. A beastly young thing.
22. Is the vulture an incarnation of this spirit?

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

WALL STREET AND THE STEEL INFLATION—THE GAUMONT-BRITISH CASE FOR ENQUIRY—BASE METAL SHARES—SHELL UNION

[We greatly regret that, owing to pressure of other duties, Toreador is obliged to give up writing the weekly City page, which he has conducted with such distinction in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from its first number in February, 1931, and before that in the *Nation* for many years. He will, however, continue for the time being to supervise this page.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHILE the City was still debating this week whether Mr. Neville Chamberlain has been inflationary in his rearmament proposals or deflationary in the gilt-edged market, news came from the United States which showed that American "big business" does not merely talk inflation but acts upon it. Six major steel companies agreed to raise the wages of 380,000 workers by about 11 per cent. to $5 per day. If the rest follow suit the wage-roll in the steel industry will be raised by about $100 millions to $1,000 millions a year. At the same time these six steel companies have reduced working hours from 48 to 40 per week, and, more significantly, the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, a subsidiary of the U.S. Steel Company, has agreed to negotiate with Mr. John Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organisation. American steel company directors are not necessarily progressive: they have merely complied with the wage and hour provisions of the Walsh-Healey Act to enable their companies to receive Government contracts—an important move in view of Roosevelt's coming rearmament proposals. But progressive or no, the steel managements are helping to inflate the American boom—and equity stocks on Wall Street.

* * *

Toreador was assiduous in keeping film finance under critical review and was always at pains to discourage investment in certain British film shares, notably Gaumont-British. The present plight of the Gaumont-British is more than a matter of great concern to its shareholders: it raises a question of public policy and of financial proprieties. Briefly, there is acute dissension on the Gaumont-British board, but the managing Ostrer brothers are able to override all opposition through their control of the Metropolis and Bradford Trust which holds a majority of the Gaumont-British ordinary shares. In February there was a dispute over the payment of the 5½ per cent. preference share dividend. On that occasion, Mr. John Maxwell, who recently joined the board, issued a statement that he and three other directors opposed this payment, because in estimating the earnings of the company for the current year the profits of subsidiary companies were included, but not the losses. Up to December 31st last, the losses of the unprofitable subsidiary companies were estimated at £623,000. If it was legal to make payment of £178,750 dividends on the preference share capital in these circumstances, then the Companies Act cries out for urgent amendment.

* * *

The next dispute is even more serious. The managing Ostrer brothers have come to an agreement with General Film Distributors which involves the scrapping of the Gaumont-British distributing organisation and the closing down of their Shepherd's Bush studio production. General Film Distributors will in future distribute Gaumont-British films on terms not yet disclosed and will share the cost of producing four films produced at the Pinewood studios (controlled by the controllers of G.F.D.) and four films produced at the Gainsborough studios. Gaumont-British will continue to produce its profitable Sound News, but General Films will distribute this service. The agreement is said to guarantee a "substantial revenue to Gaumont-British over a period of years on what has hitherto been the more speculative side of the company's business." The shareholders will want to know whether the Gaumont-British has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. Mr. Boardman, a director representing the American interests, declared himself to be "emphatically opposed" to this agreement. Mr. John Maxwell was equally strong in his opposition. For our leading film company to confess that it cannot produce films at a profit is a serious enough blow to the prestige of the British film industry, but as a matter of financial practice it is still more serious that the Ostrer brothers, holding only £5,100 (nominal) worth of voting shares in Metropolis and Bradford Trust should be able to dictate the fortunes of Gaumont-British, which has £5 millions of loan capital and £6,250,000 of share capital. Public policy requires that the Metropolis and Bradford Trust should be dissolved and the control of Gaumont-British restored to the shareholders owning it.

* * *

The present prices and yields on Gaumont-British securities are as follows:

	High 1936.	Present Price.	Yield %
4½% First Mortgage Debenture Stock	98¾	85	£5 5 9
5½% Preference Shares ..	19/4½	13/9	8 0 0
Ordinary 10/- Shares	14/10½	8/3	—

The agreement with General Films Distributors is no doubt designed to give Gaumont-British a guaranteed income (without losses on other productions) which will enable the debenture interest and preference share dividends to be paid. If the preference share dividends were passed the shareholders would, of course, receive votes, so that the agreement is a distinct advantage to the management control. But the guaranteed income is only guaranteed for four years and the assets cover of the debentures and preference shares is weakened by the scrapping of the production and distribution organisations, involving, it is said, a writing down of £1½ millions, apart from the trading losses on past films. The ordinary shares cannot be recommended—except as a gamble on a much needed change of management.

* * *

Base metals are still in the ascendant. Lead has risen on the month from £26 to £31 per ton and spelter from £21 to £29 per ton, so that the outlook for producers is favourable. For the investor, the choice of companies is not so easy. Burma Corporation has a short life (and we dislike short lives in mines, for a small miscalculation of the life plays old Harry with one's arithmetic). The San Francisco mines are in Mexico and we may be buying politics as well as, or instead of, a mine. Trepca is in Jugoslavia and Zinc Corporation, North and South Broken Hill are notoriously subject to labour troubles. We feel, however, reasonably confident in recommending the shares of the last four companies. The estimated earnings are based on lead at £31, spelter at £29 and silver at 1*s.* 8*d.*, and allowance is made for increased costs by

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taking into revenue no more than 75 per cent. of the increase in the gross value of the mine production.

Company.	Present Market Price.	Current Earnings English £.	Yield % on Current Earnings.
Trepca 5/-	41/6	125%	15%
Zinc Corporation 10/-	6⅝	250%	19%
North Broken Hill 5/-	68/9	185%	13%
Broken Hill South 5/-	43/9	160%	18%

* * *

We must not forget Toreador's old friend Selection Trust, whose 10s. shares now stand at 44s. 3d. This company is interested in copper through Roan Antelope and Rhodesian Selection Trust (per American Metal), in lead, zinc and silver through Trepca, and in industrial diamonds through Consolidated African Selection Trust. These shares may be worth (on break-up) 50s. per share, but we would not dissuade readers who took Toreador's advice to buy them at very much lower prices from realising their handsome profits. We like the lead-zinc shares much better than the copper and would place them in order of attraction, Zinc, North Broken Hill, Trepca and Broken Hill South.

* * *

Can you imagine Shell Union common stock selling at over $42 in under two-and-a-half years? If so you should buy the stock purchase warrants now selling at around $7. These warrants were originally attached to Shell Union debentures which were redeemed; they run until October 1st, 1939, and are equivalent to a two-and-a-half years' call on Shell Union common at $35. The present price of the common is $34, and as a three-months' call option costs $2.00 the warrants at $7 are not dear. Shell Union earnings last year are estimated at $1.40 per common share, and it is conservative to estimate current earnings at $1.80 per share per annum. Now oil consumption is rising, and if oil prices are advanced this year, as everyone expects, the earnings of American oil companies will increase rapidly. One cent extra on gasoline over the year means an extra revenue to Shell Union of $13 millions or $1 per common share. It would not, therefore, be surprising to see Shell Union common selling at over $42 next year. The warrants, of course, will rise in value with the market price.

Company Meeting

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY

THE twenty-ninth annual ordinary general meeting of Selfridge and Co. Limited, was held on February 26th in London. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director) said (in part) that he was glad to be able to point to 1936 for record results in many directions. The net profits for the past several years were: For 1936, £485,086; 1935, £414,190; 1934, £375,139; 1933, £355,644; and the profits for the past year were the highest they had been able to show. Those figures referred only to the individual store, but if they compared their figures with similar groups of distributing houses in England, France and the United States, they must include the results of William Whiteley, Limited, and the Selfridge Provincial Stores. The Selfridge group, therefore showed a total net profit for the year of approximately £830,000, which represented an increase over 1935 of about £107,000. The chief differences from last year's balance sheet were the increase in the net profit of £70,000 and the increase of the dividend on the Ordinary shares from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. The net profits were the best on record, the expense per cent. was the lowest for many years, and the greatest number of customers had been served. He added that they now found themselves buying perhaps 95 per cent. of their requirements in this country, chiefly because makers were so splendidly co-operating with their buyers and quickly meeting their wishes.

As to 1937, they as a band of workers 5,000 strong entered this game of business with a determination to show still greater success, with an enthusiasm which increased as the seasons went by, with a spirit of good cheer and a courage which had been characteristic of the house since the opening day. They began the new year with utmost confidence. The report was unanimously adopted.

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CAMBRIDGE. Charles the King. Tu., Th., S.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Great Possessions. W.

GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.

GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' Th. & Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.

PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. Uday Shan-Kar. Mar. 10 & 13, at 2.45.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. The Squeaker. Sat., Mar. 13.

WESTMINSTER. Heartbreak House. W., S.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S

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ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
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MARIA ELSNER, HARRY WELCHMAN. GEORGE GRAVES.

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IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. Mon., 8 subs., 8.30.
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Geoffrey Keen, Hubert Gregg, Jane Welsh.

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Thurs. & Sats. at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
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ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
SUSPECT,
by Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Lecture on Air Power and its relation to Home Defence will be given by AIR VICE-MARSHAL E. L. GOSSAGE, D.S.O., M.C. (Royal Air Force) at the NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY (entrance from Montague Place, W.C.1), on THURSDAY, March 11th, at 5.30 p.m.

A Lecture on "LES ORIGINES CANONIQUES DES DROITS OCCIDENTAUX" will be given (in French) by PROFESSOR G. LE BRAS (Professor of the History of Canonical Law in the University of Paris) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on MONDAY, MARCH 8th, 1937, at 5.30 p.m.

A Lecture on "HUNGARIAN CUSTOMARY LAW IN COMPARISON WITH ENGLISH CASE-LAW" will be given by PROF. CHARLES SZLADITS (Professor of Civil Law in the Royal Hungarian University, Budapest) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on TUESDAY, MARCH 9th, 1937, at 5 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Acting Principal.

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture. VERA BRITTAIN on "WOMEN IN TRANSITION." Chairman: Monica Whately, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, March 10th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members, 6*d.*; Non-members, 1*s.*, from FEDERATION OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES, 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1 (MUS 6975) or at door.

UNITY Campaign, Mass demonstration. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues., March 9th, 8 p.m. Doors open 7.30. Speakers: STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P., HARRY POLLITT, JAMES MAXTON, M.P. Chairman: WILLIAM MELLOR. Tickets, 1*s.*, and 6*d.*, from I.L.P., 35 St. Bride St., E.C.4. Communist Party, 133 East Rd., N.1. Socialist League, 3 Victoria St., S.W.1., and all branches.

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS. Prof. P. M. S. Blackett on "THE BACKGROUND OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY," in Large Chemistry Theatre, University College, W.C.1, on Wednesday, March 10th, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Prof. Kapp. Tickets, 1*s.* at door or from Sec., A.S.W., 28 Hogarth Road, S.W.5.

LIBERALISM IN THE MODERN WORLD

Manson Hall, 26 Portland Place, W., at 8.15 p.m.

Tuesday, March 9th: "THE ECONOMIC STRUCTURE."
Lecturer: GEOFFREY CROWTHER.
Chairman: LADY LAYTON.

April 13th: "THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE."
Lecturer: C. P. SNOW.
Chairman: MRS. CORBETT ASHBY.

Seats, 3*s.*, 2*s.* and 1*s.*, to be bought at the door or from the Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1.

LECTURE SOCIAL every Monday at 8. March 8th: "THE LEGEND OF DANTE," by DR. GUTKIND. Youth House Club, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. GUL 5189.

FRIDAY, March 5th. Artists' International Association. Lecture by HERBERT READ on his new book, "ART AND SOCIETY," 8.15 p.m., 9 Gt. Newport Street, Leicester Square Station.

PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE on "PARIS, 1871—MADRID, 1936," on March 11th, 8 p.m., at Besant Hall, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1. Adm. 6*d.* Marylebone L.B.C.

NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL.

Lectures in the Essex Hall, Strand, at 6.15 p.m., on "THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM AND WORLD PEACE." Monday, March 8th: "THE SOVIET UNION"—DR. LOUIS SEGAL. Thursday, March 11th: "JAPAN AND CHINA"—FREDA UTLEY. Tickets, 1*s.* each lecture. National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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MYSTERY of Moscow Trial. Lec. M. CAMERON, S.P.G.B., A.E.U. Hall, 39 Doughty St., W.C. Sunday, 7.30.

THE SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY has arranged for DR. NORMAN HAIRE to lecture on "PROSTITUTION" at The Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, W.1, on Tuesday, March 9th, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Professor J. C. Flugel. Members free. Non-members, 2*s.*

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, March 7th. At 3.30, Lecture; MR. WILFRED ROBERTS, M.P.: "SPANISH RELIEF WORK." At 6.30, The REV. DOREEN HOPEWELL.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 7th, at 11, MRS. VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "THE GOSPELS AS REVEALING THE ESSENTIALS OF THE GOOD LIFE." 6.30, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC OF A DISTANT DRUM!"

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, March 7th, at 11 a.m.: PROF. H. LEVY, D.Sc.: "HERESY HUNTING." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. J. TYSSUL DAVIS, B.A. Subject: "WE SEEK AN ABIDING CITY."

PROFESSOR HERBERT DINGLE will speak on "PRESENT POSITION OF RATIONALISM" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, March 9th, at 7 p.m. Admission Free.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, King's Cross, W.C.1. Monday, March 8th, 7.30. "HOW TO CONDUCT A MEETING ON ABORTION LAW REFORM." Speakers: ALICE JENKINS, JANET CHANCE. Adm. 6*d.*

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I.

F.P.S.I. Easter Conference at Stratton Park, near Micheldever, Hants, from dinner (7.30 p.m.) 25th March to breakfast 30th March.

Programme.

Friday, 11 a.m.: D. N. PRITT on "THE PRISON SYSTEM IN ENGLAND AND THE U.S.S.R." 8 p.m.: FRANK HARDIE on "PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION."
Saturday, 11 a.m.: MRS. M. SARAN on "THE POPULAR FRONT IN FRANCE—DOES IT WORK—WILL IT SURVIVE?" 8 p.m.: DR. W. A. BREND on "THE FALL IN THE BIRTH-RATE. IS IT TO BE DEPLORED. WHAT IS THE REAL CAUSE?"
Sunday, 11 a.m.: C. E. M. JOAD on "REARMAMENT." 5 p.m.: Federation Policy—C. E. M. JOAD in the Chair.
Monday, 11 a.m.: J. KATZ on "THE BANKRUPTCY OF THE INTELLECTUALS." 5 p.m.: Work of F.P.S.I. Groups—A. A. BURALL in the Chair.

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